THE WONDERS OF THE GOLDEN WEST

JOHN R. VAN DINE

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GREAT FALLS FROM BELOW—YELLOWSTONE PARK.
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THE WONDERS OF THE GOLDEN WEST.

BEING A GRAPHIC ELUCIDATION OF A THOUSAND MARVELOUS SPECTACLES WITNESSED IN CROSSING THE CONTINENT IN A PALACE CAR—DEPICTING THE CONTIGUITY OF TWO OCEANS AND THE SCENIC SPLENDORS OF THE WESTERN SECTION OF OUR GLORIOUS REPUBLIC—THE "LURE" OF THE GREAT WEST IS A LIVING FACT, AND THE AUTHOR TELLS WHY VISITORS AND TOURISTS RETURN TO THE REGIONS OF SNOW-CLAD MOUNTAINS, INTERMINGLED WITH BRIGHT SUNSHINE AND EVER-BLOOMING FLOWERS.

BY

JOHN R. VAN DINE.

ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK:
J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
57 ROSE STREET.

F595
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INTRODUCTION

THE following sketches of travel are appended as a simple, unadorned account of a very interesting tour to the Pacific Coast, which I earnestly trust will prove of interest to my fellow tourists, being a memento of a memorable event, and, moreover, that the observations recorded will interest and possibly inspire those who have not as yet gazed upon the wonders and scenic grandeur of the Western section of our glorious country, including a section of our neighbor on the north—Canada—to take the trip and thereby view the "Greatest and Grandest Show on Earth" through their own optics.

Seated in a Pullman palace car, the reader (in imagination) is taken from New York through the Central West, touching or crossing twenty-one States, two Provinces in Canada and a portion of British Columbia, penetrating the heart of the Canadian Rockies—stopping at Banff, the Switzerland of North America, viewing beautiful Lake Louise—the Lake of the Clouds, and the Great Glacier of the Selkirks, hemmed in by snow-capped

mountain peaks, colossal in magnitude and beautiful beyond description. Re-entering Uncle Sam's domain, we stop at Seattle, the rising metropolis of the great Northwest, viewing the marvelous exhibits of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

We also take the reader through Portland, the Rose City; the Williamette Valley (a veritable Garden of Eden); we cross the famous San Francisco Bay and enter the new San Francisco and view the beautiful Golden Gate, the Big Trees of California, Del Monte and Old Monterey, where we enjoy the famous seventeen-mile ride. We view gigantic Mount Shasta, beautiful orange groves and fruit orchards, passing through the Great American Desert, stopping at Salt Lake City, spending five days amid the wonders of Yellowstone National Park. We view the Rockies of Colorado, the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas, ascend Pike's Peak, traverse the Garden of the Gods, the Cripple Creek gold and silver mines, stopping at Kansas City and St. Louis, etc.—a trip covering nearly 11,000 miles. Impressions recorded on the spot.

THE AUTHOR.

LAWRENCE, L. I.

NOTES OF TRAVEL — WESTWARD, HO!

The WONDERS *of the* GOLDEN WEST

CHAPTER I

NOTES OF TRAVEL—WESTWARD, HO!

NEW YORK, June 30, 1909.—We are about to take a trip to the Far West—aspirations of many years now happily to be realized. "All aboard!"

The train moves slowly at first out of the Grand Central Station, but soon we are skirting the banks of the noble Hudson, so refreshing after leaving the hot, dusty city. A brief stop is made at Albany, passing Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo. Then, after refreshing the inner man in the dining-car, we in due time retire to our various sections in the Pullman sleeper. No husband can delude wifey about being detained downtown and she knows his whereabouts—both day and night.

Thursday, July 1, finds us in Detroit, Mich.

We simply get a bird's-eye view of the metropolis as we are transported across

the Detroit River and are soon speeding over vast fields of corn, wheat, oats and well-cultivated farms of Michigan. At this point we seemingly gain one hour on Father Time, as we regulate our timepieces backward one hour, corresponding to Central time. At Battle Creek, evidently a flourishing town, we note numerous cereal manufactories in full blast. The sand dunes at Michigan City were particularly interesting.

CHICAGO

The blue waters of Lake Michigan attest that we are nearing the great metropolis of the Central West, Chicago. Here all is bustle. The rush of traffic causes a Niagara of sounds. The city teems with life. Four sightseeing automobiles are soon whirling the ninety-three members of our party through the busy business section, which contains skyscrapers on a par with little old New York, thence along the splendid boulevard skirting Lake Michigan to the grand public parks for which Chicago is justly noted. After the ordeal of a continuous ride from New York, with the thermometer cutting up high jinks, the refreshing breezes from Lake Michigan were truly delightful and fully appreciated. We voted Chicago a "wonder," destined to become even greater with the coming decades.

Friday, July 2.—Shortly after sunrise we cross the Father of Waters, the Mississippi River, always an inspiring sight to Easterners, and a little later dash into St. Paul, the Twin City. Our itinerary precluded sightseeing here, so we shook hands with St. Paul, so to speak, and proceeded westward.

We now traverse the vast farming section of Minnesota, luxuriant in vegetation. As we proceed over the prairie lands we note that the buildings are mostly surrounded with trees, very similar in appearance to our willows, which act as protective agencies when the tornadoes sweep over this section. Occasionally we observe a "dug out," an excavation not unlike a cellar, having a roof of sods, with steps leading to the "lower regions."

NORTH DAKOTA

We cross the State line and swing into North Dakota. As the eye sweeps the horizon, the land appears to be as level as a board, so to speak, and, like Minnesota, is very luxuriant in vegetation.

Space seems practically unlimited out here, far from the maddening crowd. Here the farmer is monarch of all he surveys. Droves of sleek-looking cattle are browsing in vast tracts of clover or alfalfa. The horn of plenty is in evidence. Who

enjoys life in its truest sense more than does the prosperous farmer?

At various stops along the way we alight to pluck wild flowers and grasses, while the amateur photographers get in their "dark" work. Every soul aboard the train is enjoying the trip, anticipating greater things to come. We become better acquainted with our traveling companions and confidences are freely exchanged. The occupants of the various "sections" inaugurated "social calls" and every one was happy. The train stopped at Harvey, N. D., a typical Western town, profusely decorated with flags and bunting. A jolly automobile party serenaded us with the latest melodies of the day and the populace waved handkerchiefs as our train pulled out of the station. At various railroad crossings where the tracks are low snow drifts in winter are apt to stop trains regardless of schedules; here we observe curiously built contrivances called snow fences. A few of the city people mistook them for grape arbors.

PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN

Saturday, July 3.—At sunrise we awoke to find ourselves beyond Uncle Sam's domain at a little station called Pasqua, in the Province of Saskatchewan, Canada. We had passed through Portal,

which is on the boundary line, while we were in the Land of Nod and our merchandise had been duly inspected by the Canadian customs officials.

Moose Jaw, romantic appellation, was our next stop, where we alighted to view the landscape o'er.

We again reset our watches backward one hour to conform with Mountain time, a difference of two hours from that of Eastern time. See what one gains in time by going westward!

For the simple life we commend the prairie lands of Saskatchewan. As far as the eye can sweep there is scarcely any sign of habitation. Occasionally we passed a little settlement of one-story houses, which reminded one of the days of the pioneers.

However, the scene changes as we touch at Swift Current, which is in the centre of a very flourishing agricultural district, the soil being particularly adapted for grain farming and is said to be rapidly filling up with American settlers.

One doesn't need to be a very close observer to learn that our Uncle Sam is not the sole owner of all the fertile soil, for indeed Canada must be reckoned with on that score.

PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

The train halts for a few moments at Medicine Hat, a prosperous-looking town,

apparently the centre of ranching and farming district in the Province of Alberta. The tourists made a dash for the neighboring stores, spending money recklessly for post cards, chewing gum and "sich" things. An Indian squaw came toward the train, and as several cameras were in line for a snapshot at her, she cunningly evaded capture by entering a convenient car. Mrs. Indian evidently did not like the antics of the people from the cultured East; anyway she positively refused to have her photo taken.

Our train was switched at a very remote spot, in order that a train could pass, and we improved the opportunity to investigate and explore the burrows inhabited by the cunning little prairie dogs. Meanwhile the conductor of our party, accompanied by a young lady hailing from the classic State of New Jersey, called upon a resident, a Scotch woman, who gave the visiting couple a warm welcome, stating during the social call that the aforesaid young lady from New Jersey was the first white woman she had "laid eyes on in thirteen months" and that her nearest neighbor resided eight miles distant. How is that for Lonelyville? The vast tracts of farming and prairie lands seemed almost endless, so that we somewhat despaired reaching the goal of our ambitions —to gaze upon the snowy mountains. It

OUR SPECIAL TRAIN.—Page 39.

was perhaps the only monotonous part of our trip.

PULLMAN CAR LIFE

Permit me right here to digress somewhat by giving a glimpse of existence on a Pullman, inasmuch as we are to enjoy four more days ere reaching Seattle. From that city we shall, at various points, enjoy the comforts of the leading hotels of the Pacific Coast.

From Chicago to Seattle we have the luxury of our own dining-car, but after reaching that point our diner will be detached. However, we shall then have to take chances.

As to the daily routine en route being monotonous, that depends of course on circumstances, temperament, etc. The members of our party were a jolly set. Dull care, business anxieties, in fact all problems were left far, far behind. Most of us forgot there was such a place in existence as New York. Every one was out for a good time and bound to have it! The usual routine at the beginning of the day is, of course, first breakfast, followed by reading, writing, chatting and gazing at the passing scenery. Midday luncheon is followed by conversation, social calls, games, reading and napping. Dinner is served from 5:30 to 7:30, after which

anything is in order. Recitations are rendered, singing was permitted or prohibited, depending mostly on the merits of the singer; for instance, some would sing who *couldn't,* while others could sing but *wouldn't.* We sang hymns and national anthems, but drew the line on "Home, Sweet Home"—not because that was not dear to us, but rather to ward off any tendency to home-sickness. Sometimes there was fought a battle of pillows, in which the conflict was red hot without dire results. Even some of the ministers proved good fighters and got "whipped," too, like the rest of us!

Miss Margaret Winslow, a talented young lady, was indeed the human phonograph, her impersonations in that line always evoking generous applause, while Miss Kathryn Taylor rendered recitations which were highly appreciated by her fellow tourists.

At 10 o'clock P.M. nearly all the tourists were in the somnolent Land of Nod; at 11 o'clock the various kinds of snores, from falsetto to deep bass, were in full progress, broken only by the puffing of the engine ahead.

At the little railway station, Brooks, we were informed by the agent in charge that we were now in the newly opened irrigation district of Alberta and that the Canadian Pacific Railway anticipated a

great future from these vast tracts of land by the process of irrigation.

At Calgary the train halts for a little while, giving us an opportunity to get a glimpse of this picturesque ranching city, sometimes termed "The Sirloin of Canada." We note that Alberta occupies a somewhat similar position to Canada as does Kentucky to the United States in regard to the breeding of horses, while the natural conditions in certain parts of Saskatchewan are more suitable for mixed farming and dairying.

The climate in this section is said to be very beneficial to those affected by pulmonary troubles. If the condition of the appetites of those on board the train be an indication of the healthfulness of the region through which we are passing, we will cheerfully cite it O. K.

The Province of Alberta embraces 253,540 square miles. It is double the size of Great Britain and Ireland and larger than either Germany or France. This vast area has a population of less than two hundred thousand.

While we are willing to admit the advantages of "Sunny Alberta," we are not willing to give up our citizenship and swear allegiance to His Majesty the King. We are Yankees to the bone and proud of it.

THE SPLENDORS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

CHAPTER II

The Splendors of the Canadian Rockies

Sunday, July 4.—What a spectacle greets our vision as we behold snow-capped mountains—the long-looked-for Canadian Rockies! We were completely surrounded and hemmed in by them. Truly a veritable Switzerland! How grand and majestic they appeared as they towered to dazzling heights above us, garbed in supernatural whiteness of matchless grandeur!

Stages convey us to the Banff Springs Hotel, an ideal location, where the bracing mountain air enables one to do ample justice to an appetizing repast. The cheerful log fire was appreciated, too, on this summer morning.

A religious service under the leadership of the Rev. Dr. Harper was held in an upper room of the hotel. Delegates to the coming Epworth League Convention at Seattle were present and much enthusiasm prevailed. We were on foreign soil, nevertheless "My Country 'Tis

of Thee" was sung with an intensity of feeling seldom witnessed in the States.

BANFF, THE BEAUTIFUL

This certainly is no misnomer, for Banff is indeed beautifully situated 'mid immense mountain crags and peaks on the Bow River, in the valley bearing the same name, on the eastern slope of the Canadian Rockies. Banff is the property of the Canadian Government. This is a popular mountain resort for tourists from all parts of the globe. Several tourists at the hotel who had trotted around this mundane sphere enthusiastically affirmed that the mountain scenery here vies with that of the famous Alps in Switzerland.

Here the snow-clad mountains stretch away as far as the vision can reach in every direction, one snowy peak rising above another in varied and sublime confusion. To the north rises Stony Squaw Mountain. Towering above this is Cascade Mountain, its sides ribbed and scarred by avalanche and tempest; then Mount Rundle looms before us at a height of 10,000 feet, its sides furrowed and trenched by snow slides.

It was at this famous resort that we unexpectedly yet happily met an old-time friend, Miss Nellie Smith, who was returning East from Pasadena, Cal. We

LAKE LOUISE AND VICTORIA GLACIER, LAGGAN, CAN.—Page 47.

enjoyed a lively stage ride up Tunnel Mountain and at its loftiest height the view of beautiful Bow Valley, the picturesque Bow River Falls below and the snow-capped mountains all about us on every side, making our environment indeed superb. Many tourists climb this mountain as an appetizing walk before breakfast, and because of the magnificent view here attained it is frequented at all times of the day. Upon descending the mountain we rode to the Government Reservation and saw a herd of buffalo. Being in captivity they are very docile. Several members of our party climbed above an eagle's nest and brought down some real snow from the mountain. We were somewhat reluctant to leave this enchanted region.

BEAUTIFUL LAKE LOUISE

Monday, July 5.—Our next point of interest is Laggan, where we leave the train. Stages and saddle ponies convey us up steep and rocky mountain roads to beautiful Lake Louise, the lake in the clouds, which lies at an elevation of 5,645 feet, shut in on every side by rocky snow-capped heights. Here amid the most lavish scenery and magnificent environment Nature can bestow is the lake, the loveliness and charm of which is beyond de-

scription. It is about a mile and a half long and half a mile broad.

In close proximity is discerned the pure white snow field on Mount Victoria at a height of 10,000 or 12,000 feet. This mount, joining with other lofty peaks, forms a beautiful expanse of snow and ice, and it was here that several members of our party witnessed the novelty of a real snow slide while viewing the splendors of the lake.

The ladies simply went into ecstasies at this delightful spot, while others lingered and nearly missed the train. There was a shortage of stages and several were obliged to "foot it" down the mountain, a distance of nearly three miles. We were covered with dust, but enjoyed the "walk."

Our train again gets under headway. As we proceed westward several of us who had industriously attempted hitherto to view the passing scenic splendors, jotting down our impressions "on the spot," were obliged to suspend operations indefinitely, simply because the increasing grandeur of the Canadian Rockies made note-taking impossible. Hence if what is to follow be not in "regular order," the defect cannot be remedied.

We made a short stop at Field, a favorite resort for tourists. This is the gateway of the wonderful Yoho Valley. This

valley is now included within the confines of the Canadian National Park.

Here the spectator gazes on Mount Stephen, a mass of rock towering 10,450 feet above sea level and 6,500 feet above the valley. The outlines of the peaks constituting the Great Cathedral, resplendent in beauty and overwhelming in grandeur, compel our deepest admiration. Cathedral Mountain, 10,204 feet high, is happily named, as it bears a wonderful resemblance to a magnificent cathedral perched on the summit of the mountain.

KICKING HORSE RIVER

Who on this memorable trip will ever forget the Kicking Horse River, forming picturesque cascades, seemingly furious in its limited confines as it dashes through deep gorges in impotent rage, creating at times gorgeous waterfalls and roaring cataracts? The story of why the river was so called runs as follows: "An exploration expedition was encamped on the banks of the Wapta, where a pack horse broke three of the leader's ribs by a kick. He lay unconscious for hours till his Indians thought him dead and prepared to bury him, but as they bore him along he regained his senses. When he recovered he went to inspect his grave, that had been dug some little way from the camp, and

then fired by curiosity, determined to discover where led the valley in which it had been intended to leave him forever. He explored it further and found it a practicable way of crossing the mountains. Thus was the Kicking Horse River brought to light and received the name of a vicious animal which all unintentionally had led to so important a discovery."

THE GREAT DIVIDE

A short distance from Laggan the summit of the Rockies is reached, at which interesting point we pass the Great Divide, 5,269 feet above sea level. All one observes from the train is a rustic arch spanning a stream under which the waters divide; two little brooks seemingly to the observer, but the little stream that deviates to the east, reinforced later by other waters, eventually reaches Hudson Bay, while the little rivulet turning to the west finally empties into the Pacific. I remarked to a fellow tourist, a clergyman, that there was material for a good sermon, suggested by the finality of those apparently to us insignificant streams. He agreed with me, but no sermon was brought out from them during the trip. This leads me to remark that most preachers are all right, but some will delve into musty books in order to be deep and pro-

A GLIMPSE OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.—Page 51.

found, often inducing drowsiness on the part of their hearers. What ringing sermons a preacher should deliver, especially after viewing these majestic, awe-inspiring Canadian Rockies! Ah, the divine message of these colossal peaks!

We pass great snow sheds, built directly over the railroad tracks at certain points where the snows in winter from these colossal mountains ofttimes develop into vast snow slides. Patches of snow were in evidence along the roadbed on this day, July 5.

The "Greatest Show on Earth" was on in earnest and exhilaration was stamped on every countenance. The contrast of long stretches of prairie lands to these awe-inspiring mountain peaks, capped with glistening snow towering toward the sky, and the gorgeous scenic splendors all about us evoked exclamations of delight. The "oh's!" and "ah's!" "Just look on *this* side—is not that superb—magnificent?" necessitated an enlarged vision to take it all in. Meanwhile the train keeps puffing at great rate as it continues on the up-grade, seemingly at times to us almost to the cloud line as we look below into deep canyons yawning to take us, "bag and baggage," should the train jump the track. However, we pin our faith in the engineer, who in due time brings us into Glacier, British Columbia,

a delightful stopping place for tourists in the heart of the Selkirks. The altitude here is 4,122 feet.

THE GREAT GLACIER

We are now anticipating a feast of delight as the members of the party start forth to view at close range that colossal mountain of ice, the Great Glacier, necessitating a tramp of nearly three miles—a veritable "Rocky Road to Dublin." No stage can traverse it. As we proceed dangerous paths and mountain streams are crossed and various hindrances beset us. However, most of us had perused John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and as several of the weary tourists fell by the wayside, we determined to reach the desired point if we were obliged to wade there. At last patience and persistence were rewarded as we stood before the gigantic spectacle—a wondrous mountain mass of ice. We entered the ice cave. The bluish hues from within are exceedingly fine. Probably thirty to forty persons can comfortably stand within the cave. The Doxology was sung with great enthusiasm and photos taken while here.

The writer of these lines walked on the roof of this truly great wonder, and it seemed to be as solid as the "Rock of Ages," with this exception, while the

glacier is receding on an average of 35 feet a year, caused by the rays of the sun, the "Rock of Ages" is not receding an iota! The environment here is sublime, as the outside world seems shut in by seemingly great mountains of ice, for in close proximity can be seen a group of glaciers embracing an area of over 150 square miles, while Mount Sir Donald, towering to dazzling heights, commands our admiration.

"When in Rome do as the Romans do." So now again we regulate our timepieces, adjusting the hour hand back one hour, conforming to Pacific time, or three hours earlier than Eastern time. We shall reverse the order when we proceed eastward.

The C. P. R. R. has adopted the novel 24-o'clock schedule of time, thus abolishing the A.M. and P.M. by the new system. It seemed quite amusing to read at various stations from the train bulletin, for instance, that train No. 79, due at Glacier at 13:45 o'clock, was 15 minutes late. Why should not that system prevail universally?

Tuesday, July 6.—At 4 o'clock A.M. our train moves out of Glacier, passing over the great engineering feat called "The Loop." About twenty-two miles from Glacier the Illecillewalt River runs through the Albert Canyon, a gorge so marvelous that most of the trains stop for

a short while to permit passengers to view its wonders. Our train, which arrived here at an unseemly hour in the morning, stopped, but unfortunately the writer of these lines was not awakened in time—was "caught napping"—consequently missed the spectacle. To add to my discomfiture, my wife had slipped out from the lower berth and gazed upon the wondrous scene and returning informed me "it was just grand," while others with fiendish triumph tauntingly said, "Wouldn't have missed it for the world!" "Oh, it was superb!" "Beyond description!"

At Sigamous Junction we stop ten minutes and view beautiful Shuswap Lake, a magnificent body of water extending for fifty miles amid picturesque environments. The climate in this part of the Northwest is exceedingly fine and bracing. They told us that people actually lived here to such an advanced age that unless such met with fatal accidents they were obliged to move south into the "States" when they wished to "cash in their checks"—that is, die.

BESIDE DEEP GORGES

Thompson River, now running parallel with us to the right, finally empties into the Fraser River, and then we enjoy the antics of that interesting river, as it at

times is narrowed by mountainous walls and goes dashing through deep gorges with frightful velocity. Meanwhile our train is winding in serpentine fashion through ledges of rock, at times right close to the mouth of a deep abyss, causing one to thrill with a peculiar sensation for the time being. A young lady said to me, "What if our train left the rails?" "It would mean simply a case of good-by all," I hastened to assure her. Shall we ever forget Fraser Canyon? I trow not!

The achievement of constructing a railway through and across the Canadian Rockies was indeed colossal and beneficial to mankind, but there is one thing almost impossible of achievement—namely, seeing the Canadian Rockies through another's "specs." Their beauty and grandeur must be seen through one's own optics; mere descriptions or the camera will not, cannot do them justice.

AGAIN IN UNCLE SAM'S DOMAIN

At North Bend the entire party was photographed, and everybody was happy. We finally reached Sumas, the boundary line, and Uncle Sam's men inspected our baggage. It was amusing to think that when we passed over into Canada en route our baggage was looked into by the Canadian customs agents, the ceremony was

repeated upon our entrance into British Columbia and finally Uncle Sam holds us up to learn if we brought anything dutiable from a "foreign land." To my way of thinking, all this tomfoolery should be abolished. Why should not all of North America be subject to and under the authority of the United States of America? Let the Stars and Stripes wave over this wonderful section of country. Shall we some day take it by divine right of conquest—that is, if all other methods fail? One indissoluble Union forever!

We glide into the great State of Washington in the darkness—very much to our regret—a State already demonstrating itself worthy of its exalted name. We anticipate scanning the blue waters of Puget Sound, the white-capped Olympics and the peaks of the Cascades, with its greatest spectacle, Mount Rainier.

SEATTLE—
THE A.-Y.-P. EXPOSITION

CHAPTER III

Seattle—The A.-Y.-P. Exposition

Wednesday, July 7.—Here we are at last, no longer sojourners or aliens on foreign soil, but "at home" in the great bustling city of the Northwest, Seattle, where the Stars and Stripes are waving in great profusion. The city appears in gala attire. What means this grand array? Trains were bringing hosts of tourists into the metropolis. At the Union Station an incoming Canadian host of Epworth Leaguers, full of enthusiasm, start an impromptu praise service by singing the Doxology.

After the process of getting settled at our several hotels and stopping places, we go *en masse* to the large Armory building, where the International Convention of the Epworth League is about to open. The exterior and interior of the vast auditorium were gaily decorated with the national emblems of the United States and Canada. The great convention opened in due form and the addresses and singing were enthusiastic. One of the speakers,

in alluding to the long trip across the continent and the great sights we had witnessed, including the vastness of our country and particularly the wonders of the great Northwestern section, said that we would return to our respective homes necessarily changed men and women, having enlarged conceptions of our glorious country, of its resources and opportunities and our responsibilities and duties as citizens of the same. During one of the meetings "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," was enthusiastically rendered, the Canadian delegates singing as heartily as did the rest. Then the great convention reciprocated by singing "God Save the King," an innovation to most of us.

Seattle is a charming city, nestling on the breast of Puget Sound, having a splendid harbor big enough for Uncle Sam's warships to steam back and forth without difficulty. Seattle, like Quebec, is a city built upon a hill or hills. Its streets are cleanly. It bespeaks prosperity, everywhere apparent. It is wide awake—a metropolis where things are being done. Its steep hills are being rapidly cut down or graded. Buildings are going up and business is forging ahead. Keep your eyes on Seattle, for it is a winner. Its delightful climate and go-aheadiveness of its people make a strong combination.

The city boasts a population of nearly 300,000, with a gain of 25,000 yearly. The suburbs abound with charming residences and cozy bungalows. We enjoyed a delightful sail on Lake Washington and a trip on Puget Sound around Bainbridge Island. It was there we were promised a luscious clambake. We waited—in vain. The shrill whistle of our steamer blew, the waters of the sound were blue, while we felt unmistakably "blue" because we missed the "clambake!"

THE A.-Y.-P. EXPOSITION

The exposition was beautiful, instructive, inspiring, entertaining and exhausting, the latter because there was so much to see, and our time to view the landscape o'er at that interesting point was necessarily limited to two days, so we were obliged to "go it" some. The purposes of the exposition were to exploit the Alaska-Yukon Territory and the Pacific Coast States, also to foster commercial relations with all countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean. There is no doubt that all of these laudable objects will be attained and the A.-Y.-P. Exposition will hasten the consummation.

Here we see the personification of material progress and culture as represented in the vast sea of storehouses of exhibits—

a veritable panorama—a feast for the gods, as it were.

The transcendentally beautiful exposition buildings, the gardens of sweet-scented flowers, the picturesque cascades, the exquisite walks complete a scenario of perfection, and when viewed at night, the vast grounds and buildings emblazoned and resplendent with myriads of electric lights, the spectacle is stupendously fine, beyond description.

To one who, for the first time, views the products of this, the great Northwest, the exhibits prove not only a surprise, but a revelation. Perfectly amazing to me were the exhibits particularly from the States of Washington, Oregon and California. An entire day can be profitably spent in viewing the exhibits of those three States and then one could easily spend another day to make sure that one took "everything in" from these three interesting, in fact marvelous, commonwealths. Such corn, wheat, oats, alfalfa, apples, oranges, lemons, grapefruit, sugar beets, potatoes, prunes, apricots, nuts, minerals and numerous other products too numerous to mention! And those specimens of big trees were truly wonderful to behold—but seeing is believing!

WASHINGTON

The industries of the State of Washington are here exhibited, a few of which may be mentioned, such as the bee culture, coal mining, dairying, wheat farming, stock raising, lumbering, fisheries, fruit growing, poultry raising, truck gardening. In the Washington State Building some potatoes of Jumbo proportions were seen, the average yield, it was asserted, being 400 to 600 bushels per acre.

The loyalty of the Western folks to their respective States is really refreshing. A man who hails from California will swear by that State till the cows come home, and the man who lives in Washington State will picture an earthly paradise to any man who will come there, roll up his sleeves and is not afraid of work.

OREGON

While viewing the exhibits in the Oregon Building I met a genuine Oregon tiller of the soil, who affirmed that Oregon was by far the greatest State in the Union —could raise anything that Washington did, and "a derned sight better'n bigger!" "Can Oregon lead California?" I innocently inquired, and he quickly responded: "Yes, sirree, we've got Californy beat way

out'n her boots! Why, bless yer heart, Oregon's top soil is six to eight feet deep, an' we don't have to irrigate as they do in Californy." He further elucidated the information that any farm less than 200 acres in Oregon "was only a garden"; that a neighbor of his had a field of corn, the rows being "four miles long." I did not dispute that whatsoever. If he had put those rows of corn ten miles long it would have been just the same to me, because after viewing the exhibits from Oregon one is prepared to believe that nothing was impossible in that great State. But I firmly believe that the finest apples, so far as beauty and size "go," are grown in Oregon. It is worthy of note that the annual rainfall in Oregon is ample for the production of fruits of all kinds without the aid of irrigation in that portion of the State lying west of the Cascade Mountains. They will tell you at "the Fair" that Oregon is rich in natural wealth and abounding in natural beauty, young and undeveloped, busy, invigorating, with a climate unsurpassed.

CALIFORNIA

The California Building is in the old mission style of architecture. Here one views sub-tropical gardens, trees bearing fruit and the mineral and agricultural re-

sources of this wonderful State are herein displayed to attract and interest the visitor. It makes a Long Islander marvel to behold the exhibits of California. The fruit exhibit is truly marvelous, while the vegetable and grain exhibits are stupendous. Washington, Oregon and California are indeed three wonderful States.

We also visited the Government Building and its varied departments. The Alaska Building, with its exhibit of the resources of that Territory, was indeed very edifying. Its gold and vast mineral wealth, its furs and its agricultural products proclaim it a land of promise and great resources. The Philippine Building, with the exhibits of Uncle Sam's new accession, was interesting. The Forestry Building, with its imposing colonnade of giant fir logs hewn from the forest, houses a display of the Northwest's two greatest industries, lumbering and fisheries. The Agriculture Building, the Manufactures Building, Machinery Building, Fine Arts Building, Canada Building, the European Building and others were duly visited and their respective exhibits were hugely enjoyed and appreciated beyond expression, but I will refrain from further details lest I tire the reader. However, it was a beautiful, a stupendous exposition worth crossing the continent to behold, and the writer deeply regretted not having more time

here to revel in the vast panorama of exhibits that were so profusely displayed for the edification of all concerned. Surely we shall bear away to our Eastern homes bright and lasting impressions of this splendid exposition of the Northwest.

Sunday, July 11.—This is our last day in Seattle. It was Epworth League Rally Day at the Armory Building. At the afternoon meeting the vast auditorium was filled. Bishop Quayle gave a powerful discourse on the dignity of labor, swaying the great audience in a wonderful manner by his impassioned eloquence. It was a memorable occasion.

During our stay in town we had gazed upon the snow-capped Olympics, but unfortunately the atmosphere was not sufficiently clear for us to distinguish the outlines of Mount Rainier. Au revoir, Seattle!

Monday, July 12.—The train has been on the "go" all night and shortly after the dawn of day we crossed the Columbia and Williamette rivers.

PORTLAND, THE ROSE CITY

Soon we found ourselves within the limits of Portland. Some cities prove a disappointment, but not so Portland. This was apparent when we boarded an observation car and traversed the business, then

later the residential sections. A very enjoyable ride is the ascent of Portland Heights, viewing with increasing admiration the elegant homes with their spacious lawns of green. It was apparent as we proceeded why this was called the "Rose City," as in evidence thereof gardens and hedges of the most exquisite roses we had ever beheld greeted our vision; the air was permeated with their fragrance. Each yard seemed to rival its neighbor in beauty. It was rivalry among the roses.

The view becomes decidedly picturesque as we continue to ascend, when lo! far below is spread the splendid panorama of the Williamette Valley, resplendent in its verdure and vegetation, such fine farms, quaint and lovely, bespeaking contentment and prosperity. Proceeding in the ascent we finally reach the summit of Council Crest, where we view the landscape o'er from heights sublime. The name should be Inspiration Point, for from this exalted point we beheld the beautiful city of Portland at our feet, set in the valley on the Williamette River. From this elevation, when the atmosphere is perfectly clear, one can view the area of several States, gaze into twenty counties and discern five snow-capped mountain peaks, viz: Mount Rainier towering 14,519 feet; St. Helens, 10,500 feet; Mount Adams, 12,000 feet; Mount Hood, 11,225 feet, and Mount Jef-

ferson, 10,206 feet. If there be a spot on this mundane sphere to eclipse this, we know it not! It was the most enchanting scene I had ever beheld.

We also visited the Oregon Forestry Building, the one permanent structure which commemorates the 1905 fair and which houses one of the finest forestry exhibits now extant.

We were informed that roses bloom here out of doors in this beautiful city until Christmas. Portland is splendidly located. It boasts a population of more than 260,000 and is rapidly growing.

The lecturer on our observation car declared the scenery from Council Crest to be superior to that of any city in America. He also submitted figures to prove that Portland is by far the healthiest city in the United States, largely because of its pure drinking water, coming direct from the mountains.

Portland, thy fame shall spread even to the East, from whence we came. Fair city, adieu!

Tuesday, July 13.—Our train has been on the "go" all night and the morning sunlight finds us still in Oregon. Great foothills are all about us, while in the distance we catch a glimpse of the Cascade Mountains, and notwithstanding all this scenic splendor and vastness, why do masses crowd into the nerve-destroying cities?

Ah! life must be sweet amid these mountains. Why are they not peopled? Three cheers for the great Northwest! The beautiful Roque River Valley, with its great stacks of golden wheat glistening under the bright July sun, and the well cultivated fields form a pastoral scene worthy of a poet's pen or an artist's brush. One is almost inspired to become a Western farmer. At Ashland the train halts twenty minutes to "ice up." It is a typical Western town, being 1,890 feet above sea level, 431 miles north of San Francisco. We now pass over deep ravines as two engines pull us up steep inclines; thus we ride for hundreds of miles and our eyes never grow weary because the scene is ever changing, for the Supreme Artist of the Universe has painted these everlasting hills with a master hand, commanding the admiration and adoration of all His creatures.

MOUNT SHASTA

We are thrilled with joy as at last we catch a glimpse of snow-capped Mount Shasta, which stands like a colossal sentinel between earth and heaven! This spectacle was to me the reflection of the Great Builder of the Universe, who holdeth even the mountains in His hands. Distance is deceiving, particularly when the atmosphere is clear. The mount seemed near

at hand, yet we knew a day's ride would elapse ere we should reach its base. We are now in Southern Oregon, speeding toward the great State of California.

Oregon has exceeded our expectations. Will California do likewise?

THE PACIFIC COAST — THE GOLDEN GATE

CHAPTER IV

The Pacific Coast—The Golden Gate

A sign-post marks the State boundary, and we now actually pass into the great State of California. What Easterner has not aspired to tread upon its soil? The State that grows big trees and luscious fruits, where the climate is incomparable, where the rising sunbeams kiss the mountain tops, where the ocean calls out all the year "Come in, boys; the water's fine!" As, therefore, we glide over California soil we note first Shasta Valley, beautiful to the beholder, evidently profitable to the husbandmen and dwellers therein. The Shasta range seems of formidable proportions, as Mount Eddy looms before us at a height of nearly 10,000 feet. Mount Shasta, which has been in sight nearly all day and toward which we have been traveling as fast as steam could take us, now assumes gigantic proportions. The train descends into Sacramento Canyon below, forming almost a perfect loop, a ride weird and picturesque as we cross and recross the Sacramento River, finally arriv-

ing at Shasta Springs, where we slake our thirst from the renowned waters direct from Mount Shasta, which looms above us 14,440 feet!

We were surprised to find snow sheds in Northern California, but we were informed that only at a very high altitude snow impedes railway traffic, while in the valleys below snow is unknown.

Wednesday, July 14.—The train dashes into Sacramento, where a stop of twenty minutes is made. We catch a glimpse of the dome of the capitol and in a short time arrive at Oakland, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO

We immediately board a ferryboat for San Francisco. The view of beautiful San Francisco Bay from the upper deck was indeed superb. The newly arisen city loomed before us in all its peculiar grandeur. How glad we feel to tread the streets of this magnificent metropolis of the Golden West! The first thing in order was to secure a special observation car and view the various points of interest. The conductor acts as lecturer. We traverse Market Street in the business section and our "lecturer" proceeded to enlighten us as to the area that was literally destroyed in the great calamity of 1906. The Call Building, the Mint and also the General

Post Office Building were designated as having withstood the fire and earthquake. Our lecturer always alludes to the late calamity as "the fire," never as "the earthquake."

We note Panhandle Park, in which stands the McKinley statue. This statue was unveiled by President Roosevelt. Golden Gate Park, although entirely artificial in its make-up, is decidedly picturesque. By the way, the parks do not appear to advantage or at "their best" at this period of the year, as we are informed that this (July) is the "dry" season in California.

As we near the heights of the city we catch our first view of the Pacific Ocean. How glad we are to gaze upon the rolling, white-crested billows as they break upon the sands! At last we have reached the Pacific Coast.

THE GOLDEN GATE

A short walk brings us to the new Cliff House, where we observe the sporting seals on the Seal Rocks, and then, lo! we behold the beautiful Golden Gate. How grand is the picture now unfolded to our enraptured vision! The scene was complete and well worth our time in crossing the continent. We actually felt that our youth was renewed at the splendid panorama spread before us.

Returning to the busy section of the metropolis, one observes scarcely any evidences of the great catastrophe of 1906, as most of the débris has been supplanted by new structures and the city stands renewed, like a giant refreshed with new wine.

Our lecturer pointed to a dwelling where resides a man who is the happy parent of twenty-one children, and we reverently removed our (ladies excepted) hats in honor of the worthy father.

After partaking lunch at San Francisco's finest hotel---the Fairmount—we were taken "below" to the culinary department, where we inspected the entire paraphernalia, including the Chinese and Japanese cooks, who smiled blandly and seemed "velly glad" to see us.

A visit to the new Chinatown, including an informal call at an opium joint and the Joss House, concluded our observations of the city. We regret that the itinerary did not permit a longer sojourn at this interesting metropolis.

Every true American has a peculiarly tender feeling for San Francisco and its courageous citizens—a people whom fire and earthquake cannot retard. Truly a city and people typical of the American spirit!

Au revoir, San Francisco, but not farewell!

While the train is getting under headway and as a diversion from "sightseeing" permit me to state that since reaching the Northwest there has been an adjustment or thinning out of our tourist companions. The original members of "Tour E" numbered 93, the conductors being Revs. Appleton Bash and John J. Foust, representing the well-known Gillespie-Kinports Tourist Company. At Seattle and prior to reaching that point several members branched off to view the wonders of Alaska. The division under the direction of Rev. Bash returned eastward, via Yellowstone Park direct, consequently we now number 27 members, known as the "California Company," Plan Four, the Rev. J. J. Foust being our personal conductor.

PERSONAL MENTION

The following comprise the genial members of our happy company and the occupants of the "Chesterton," our special car, which we term our moving flat. Would you like an introduction?

The Rev. J. J. Foust is a genial guide and leader and we are particularly pleased to follow him on dangerous paths leading to dazzling mountain tops or to banquet halls, where the tables are laden with luscious viands.

Rev. M. W. Womer is noted as the

athletic parson. At a "pillow battle" or in assisting a lady to an upper berth he is supreme.

Mr. George C. Johnson is a gallant, with a weakness for the gentler sex.

Rev. S. T. Jackson is a happy combination of philosopher and protector to lonely females on the trip. His injunction to "keep sweet" acted as a balm to the weary tourists.

Mrs. B. Moore is jolly as a miss of sixteen summers.

Miss Margaret Moore is a devoted sister to her brother Alexander.

Alexander Moore is a devoted brother to his sister Margaret.

The Misses Mary and Martha McCombs are amiable and jolly and they are alluded to as the Biblical "Mary and Martha." There was lacking a brother Lazarus, but a little bird whispered that on the sisters' next trip to the West a brother-in-law will appear on the scene. Aha!

Mr. and Mrs. James V. Austin—always sedate and uncomplaining.

Miss Minnie J. Harper—ever smiling and contented.

Miss Kathryn Taylor is a splendid entertainer, always drawing a "full house." Moreover, she has an especial fondness for missionaries.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Atkinson—always serene as the noonday sun.

Miss Helen S. Atkinson, charming herself, is ever on the lookout for the beautiful in Nature. She has a camera.

Master Benjamin Atkinson is known as the boy traveler from New Jersey.

Miss Minnie L. Hursh—unobtrusive, yet having a kind word for every one.

Miss Margaret C. Houston—retiring and smiling in manner; a profound thinker.

Mrs. Susan R. Leach—ever beaming with intense interest at Nature's wonders; a true and appreciative lover of Nature.

Miss H. H. Stevenson—always full of Western humor; she hails from Ohio and is proud of it.

Mrs. C. M. Knight—ever calm and optimistic by day and by night.

Mrs. L. L. Hunter, accompanied by her charming daughters, Lella May and Dorothy, also son Livingston, constitute the "model family."

Mrs. John R. Van Dine—unostentatious in manner and, like her illustrious (ahem!) husband, is ever on time to dine.

Last but not least is our faithful porter, Joe, who contributed much to our comfort during the trip. Joe was nearly lost to us at Ogden, and rumor has it a black-eyed damsel was the cause of it all.

There were several complaints made against snoring. Of course, each member pleaded "not guilty" to the indictment as

charged (and one night the engineer stopped the train). To put an end to this annoyance a secret committee was appointed to take active measures if deemed necessary. The committee did good work. The culprits were found to be George C. Johnson and Rev. S. T. Jackson, who were duly reprimanded and sentence was suspended.

Our trip was not without romance, as a real count fell hopelessly in love with one of the members of our party, a young lady of sixteen summers. Moreover, the count did swear that he would never return to his castle on the Rhine without leading captive thereto the fair maid of his heart's desire!

Now that the reader knows "who we are," further nonsense must be eliminated as we proceed on our journey.

A pleasing ride from San Francisco takes us over a variety of scenery as we glide by orchards of luscious fruit and fields of sweet peas whose fragrance is wafted to us in the train. A glimpse is had of the dome of Stanford University as we proceed southward. A short stop is made at Santa Clara, a town of 5,000 inhabitants, which adjoins San José on the northwest and is a great fruit-shipping point. Santa Clara Valley is some pumpkins, so to speak, as they claim here that one-half of the prunes in the United States

THE "CALIFORNIA" PARTY AT THE BIG TREES, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.
—Page 82.

are grown in this valley, and not only prunes, but that the peaches, apricots and pears command the market of the world. In fact, they assert that Santa Clara Valley is the most fruitful spot in the world; that malarial fever and ague and such ills of the flesh are unknown here. Nice picture, don't you think?

SAN JOSÉ

Thursday, July 15.—Our sojourn in the beautiful city of San José was like a dream. The city appealed to us, so cleanly, bright and attractive. Delightfully located in the Santa Clara Valley, its favored residents claim it to be the rose garden of the West. Structures of stone and brick, two to seven stories high, line its well-paved streets. Its population is estimated over 50,000.

Again on the train we bid adieu to San José and soon are passing immense orchards of prunes and apricots; the trees of the latter were in some instances breaking under their luscious burdens. The process of drying, or "curing," the fruit by placing the same on large wooden trays in the sun was very interesting to us.

THE "BIG" TREES

The twenty-seven-mile side trip from San José brings us into Big Tree Station,

where we alight to view the great redwood trees of the Santa Cruz Mountains. The Cathedral Group average 300 feet in height, the circumference of the entire group being 110 feet. We had our photos —twenty-seven of us—taken under the branches thereof. General Fremont is a pretty big fellow, standing without boots, 280 feet high, circumference 71 feet. Our party of 27 members stood within its trunk, its holding capacity being 75 persons.

The Giant is well named. It stands 306 feet high, circumference 70 feet. It formerly towered 381 feet prior to its top being broken. The General Grant is 325 feet tall, 55 feet around the waist. There are several trees 200 feet high, having a reach of 150 feet to the first limb. These figures were taken verbatim from our courteous and versatile guide on the grounds. One fallen monarch is named Bryan, and following the general custom, the entire party was photographed standing on the prostrate Bryan.

There is a McKinley tree, said to be the straightest tree in the grove; also a Roosevelt tree. There are several trees of huge dimensions reserved for celebrities, one in honor of the present Chief Executive, and upon his visit to the grove it will be christened Taft.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent at

HOTEL DEL MONTE, DEL MONTE, CAL.—Page 83.

Santa Cruz, a delightful seaside resort on Monterey Bay. The natural bridge of solid rock contiguous thereto was very interesting to behold. Luncheon and dinner were served at the Casino, which overlooks the beautiful waters of the bay.

DEL MONTE AND MONTEREY

Friday, July 16.—A day of unalloyed bliss was ours at Del Monte amid luxurious surroundings. The hotel nestles amid a beautiful landscape of 126 acres. After breakfast we enjoyed the famous seventeen-mile ride in autos, passing through the streets of Monterey, the oldest town in California. Here we observed many points of interest, viz.: The first frame and also the first brick building erected in California. The old Custom House is still standing. In rapid succession we pass the old Mission House, the Chinese settlement, thence through the famous Cypress Grove. Many of these old cypress trees are covered with moss and we were informed they have weathered the blasts for centuries. Soon we skirt the blue waters of the Pacific, viewing in the distance the Seal Rocks on the coast, upon which several seals were basking in the warm sun. The Ostrich Tree is discerned, so called because the outlines in the distance bear a striking resemblance to the ostrich. At

Cypress Point we alight and view the picturesque scenery of the coast at closer range.

THE MARINE GARDENS

The next point of interest was the Marine Gardens in Monterey Bay, where in a glass-bottomed boat were seen the wonders of submarine growth—beautiful plants, the star and other species of fish, curious rocks and various marine formations which were indeed beautiful to behold.

On the Pacific Coast I boldly stand
And cast a wistful eye
To the dear old Bay of Monterey,
Where my eyeglasses lie!

Saturday, July 17.—An enjoyable daylight ride is that en route to Santa Barbara through Monterey Valley. At the A.-Y.-P. Exposition we attended an illustrated lecture demonstrating the operation of the great harvesting machine cutting the grain, threshing the straw, then bagging the grain for the mill, the entire process requiring the united services of several men, the machinery being drawn by about thirty horses. From the train in Monterey Valley we witnessed one of these huge machines in operation.

The train skirted the waters of the Pa-

cific Ocean for many miles and with the passing of the day we witnessed a gorgeous sunset. The great orb of day was seemingly sinking into the waters of the Pacific. Slowly it was receding from view, lower, until nothing was seen but the vast expanse of waters and the radiance of the after-glow. It was a novelty to us from the East—a glorious sunset on the Pacific Coast!

SANTA BARBARA

Sunday, July 18.—A day of rest at the famous mountain and seaside resort of Santa Barbara. The beautiful bay and the neighboring mountains, combined with a climate unsurpassed, attract many tourists to this section. The streets are lined with handsome residences, adorned with beautiful lawns and flowers of exquisite beauty and fragrance typical of Southern California. A goodly number of our party attended the morning service at the M. E. Church and we were very warmly greeted by the Barbaraans (not barbarians) at the close of the service. At the Hotel Potter we felt like millionaires for the time being —and then we woke up!

Monday, July 19.—Ere taking our leave of this truly delightful spot we visit the Old Mission, which proves very interesting. The history of these missions is a

very profitable study. Arriving at the grounds, an attendant monk, gowned and decorated with the crucifix, acts as our guide. The interior of the mission is plain and even austere in appearance. Passing to the grounds adjoining we note that there are interred many of the Mission Fathers. Some of the historic tombs are mildewed and crumbling with the passage of time. This historic mission was built in 1782 and contains many relics and mementos of the early days.

In one of the rooms are framed photographs of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, taken upon the occasion of their respective visits to this mission.

A walk up the winding stairway to the old belfry concludes our visit here.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. — Page 89.

CHAPTER V

Southern California and the Great American Desert

We are now fairly in Southern California, certainly a great section of the State. We Easterners, however, received a setback to our preconceived ideas of this boasted section, as we observed that the grasses were not clothed in their wonted verdure of green (except where artificially watered) and the roads were dusty. It seemed the country was suffering from drought. As we say in the East, "We need rain." An individual who was evidently familiar with the climatic conditions endeavored to enlighten the writer of these lines by stating that California had its "dry" season and its "wet" season; moreover, that if the "wet" season were to set in now (in July) the fruits would be irreparably ruined. The elucidation was plausible, indeed, showing how well Nature protects its own.

LOS ANGELES

The train in due time brings us into Los Angeles, the city that has been lauded to

the skies. The fun began when we attempted to board a trolley car to our hotel, with our grips in hand. The cars all seemed to be well filled, but we clambered in, anyway. Then there was more fun when we essayed to make our exit. Ruffled clothing and tempers were a natural result. "But all is fair in love, in war" and in travel!

One readily observes that this is an up-to-date city. Progress and activity walk hand in hand and prosperity is in evidence. This is our impression as we walk through the crowded thoroughfares. The city is attractive and more cleanly than many of our Eastern cities. The streets are busy with traffic.

UP MOUNT LOWE

Tuesday, July 20.—All tourists have the "sightseeing" mania—a development resulting, methinks, because of the travel microbe's proximity to the braineatus. All physicians will not, of course, agree with me on this, but be this as it may, Mount Lowe was to us the first point of interest. This is a peak of the Sierra Madre range of mountains which rises 6,100 feet above sea level. As we ascended the mount the panorama spread before us was indeed fine. The trip might have been thrilling. In fact, we were eager to be "thrilled," but the lazy electric railway suddenly ends at

Alpine Tavern, 1,100 feet from the summit! The electric railway should extend the trip to the summit—in other words, should finish the job. The trip to Mount Lowe did not meet our expectations.

AN OSTRICH FARM

A visit to the Ostrich Farm at South Pasadena proved very interesting. Some very fine specimens are here exhibited. When a male ostrich, we were informed, finds a mate the happy (?) couple are given a separate enclosure, thus avoiding any domestic infelicities.

We were "introduced" to "Col. and Mrs. Roosevelt," but the "Colonel" strutted off in high dudgeon and absolutely ignored us.

"Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Taft" were at home and leading the "simple life."

"Carrie Nation," so named because of a proclivity for smashing things; nevertheless a member of our party—a Methodist parson—essayed to ride "Carrie" around the pen, and he succeeded in doing so, evoking great applause thereby.

Pasadena is worthy of passing remark, as it is a beautiful city. Its suburbs are adorned with picturesque homes, embowered with plants and flowers such as only Southern California can grow. A pleasing ride, and we are again in Los Angeles.

It is claimed that the metropolis of Southern California is adding to its population 25,000 annually. The city has a great influx of tourists both summer and winter, but it is at the latter time that Los Angeles and Southern California are at their best. The city is very comfortable at this writing. The nights are usually cooler than in the East.

LONG ISLAND UNKNOWN

It is worthy of mention that many Eastern people having settled in California assert that they would not return East to live under any circumstances. The loyalty of these Californians to their State was refreshing and worthy of imitation. So when in conversation the writer was asked from whence he came, he replied from Long Island, New York State. Now, do you know that many of those Westerners had never heard of Long Island! Well, what do you think of that? Most of them had heard of New York City and the rapacious Tammany Indians and of their attacks on the city treasury. I was compelled to admit there was considerable truth in the report. Met a gentleman at the Angeles, who had just finished a deal in securing a vast tract of land in California. Said he: "When the waters from the mountains are brought down to these valleys, the process of irrigation will trans-

form California into the garden spot of the United States. I came from Missouri and am here to stay."

Wednesday, July 21.—This is our final day in the city, and it is go-as-you-please day. The writer and wife arose before breakfast and later boarded an electric train for Long Beach, the Coney Island of Los Angeles, and it was here we enjoyed our first dip in the Pacific Ocean. It must be great to enjoy Old Neptune every day in the year. Why not live here always?

Walking down to the Long Pier, we observed, at a rough guess, about 200 fishermen vainly trying to induce a fish to bite.

RIVERSIDE

Thursday, July 22.—We took our leave of Los Angeles via Salt Lake route to Riverside, ofttimes described as the "Orange Grove Trip." About noon we arrived at Glenwood Inn, California's mission hotel, built in the style of the old Spanish missions, with the vineclad pergolas clinging to the walls, the roof garden, the long arcades and the inviting swings. From the graceful campanile peal forth at intervals the sweet tones of the old mission bells, a symbol of the quiet and peace characteristic of this haven of rest.

"PARADISE"

An esteemed friend who had previously visited the Far West described this spot, "Paradise," as follows: "Returning to the hotel you take a seat in one of the swings, and as you sway back and forth, toying with the oranges you have gathered and dreaming day-dreams, as you look up through the foliage to the perfect peace of the sky above, suddenly from the stately campanile come the sweet chimes of the bells as they peal out 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' or 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee.' This signifies that the evening meal is about to be served, and as the last peal dies away slowly you make your way to the dining-room with its stately mission furniture, and here, while you dine, softly and sweetly float around you the sweet tones of the harp. Am I not right, is it not 'Paradise'?" The picture is true to life—only I could not describe it as beautifully as quoted above.

After luncheon we took a memorable ride in autos through the famous Magnolia and Victoria avenues and other beautiful thoroughfares.

UP MOUNT RUBIDOUX

Here are many miles of palm-shaded driveways, flanked on either side by thou-

sands of acres of golden-fruited orange trees brought to a state of perfection by irrigation. Proceeding up Rubidoux Mountain, we reach the summit, 1,300 feet above the city, at which point a magnificent panorama is unfolded of the beautiful city of Riverside, the Santa Ana River and groves of orange, lemon and grapefruit trees covering an area of 20,000 acres, flanked in the background by lofty mountain peaks, completing a picture no artist could paint.

Returning to the inn we are escorted through the suite of rooms called the President's Suite, occupied by the President and other celebrities when guests at this hostelry. A large bearskin ornaments the suite, being one of the trophies of ex-President Roosevelt's skill as the mighty hunter.

From Riverside great shipments of luscious oranges and lemons are sent to all parts of the United States.

Oranges need water during the "dry" period and the city has 60 miles of cement-lined canals and 500 miles of ditches and pipe lines, with a capacity for distributing eighty million gallons per day during the irrigating season.

Riverside boasts a population of 12,000; 15 public schools; 4 banks; $300 deposits for each man, woman and child; 25

churches; no slums and no saloons. A good showing, is it not?

It was a source of regret that being so near famous Redlands—about 40 miles—yet our itinerary did not include that picturesque region.

While we were descending Mount Rubidoux I remarked to our chauffeur that the environments of Riverside were almost perfection and that a sojourn here for an extended period would be very desirable, to which he readily assented, and he then related that a short time previously an ex-chief of police of New York had visited this region and after enjoying its beauties, he remarked to the chauffeur: "Riverside is all right. It is a beautiful spot; it has a heavenly aspect, only it's h—— not to be able to get a drink of whiskey. I'd give $5 to get it." The chauffeur smiled as he said, "Well, he got it all right."

The *Morning Mission and Riverside Enterprise* gave the members of our party the following "puff":

"EPWORTH LEAGUERS ARRIVE IN THE CITY —DELEGATES TO NATIONAL CONVENTION AT SEATTLE VIEW GROVES ON RETURN

"An excursion composed of Epworth League members from New York and Pittsburg arrived in the city yesterday morning and are at the Glenwood.

"This morning they leave for Salt Lake City.

"The party is Tour E of the Gillespie-Kinports excursions. After making the trip through the Canadian Rockies they spent five days in Seattle at the Epworth League National Convention. They have visited Portland, San Francisco, Santa Cruz and the big trees, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles before coming here. After leaving Salt Lake City they will visit the Yellowstone National Park and Pike's Peak and some of the scenery around Colorado Springs before returning to the East. Their entire trip will consume 39 days.

"After lunch yesterday the Leaguers spent the afternoon in touring the valley by automobile and taking in the view from Mount Rubidoux.

"They were enthusiastic in their praises. Rev. John J. Foust, who is in charge of the party, said last night: 'The groves and flowers about Riverside are the most pleasing sight that we have seen so far on our trip. I have been charmed with the Western bustle and activity that has been evident in Southern California. Everything seems to be teeming with life.'

"Rev. Foust is the pastor of the Astoria Methodist Episcopal Church, one of the largest New York churches.

"The following is a list of the members of the party:

"Mr. and Mrs. B. Atkinson, Miss Atkinson, Miss Houston, Rev. S. T. Jackson, Miss Harper, Miss Hursh, the Misses McComb, Mrs. S. R. Leach, Mrs. B. Moore and daughter, Alexander B. Moore, G. J. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Austin, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Van Dine, Miss Kathryn Taylor, Mrs. L. L. Hunter, Mrs. C. M. Knight, Miss Lilla Hunter, Miss D. Hunter, Livingston Hunter."

Friday, July 23.—The train glides out of Riverside, leaving the luxurious orange groves and the exquisite flowers of beautiful Southern California.

OVER THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT

We are now bound for Salt Lake City, but ere we reach the Mormon city we are to traverse a somewhat different section of country, not entirely unlooked for as we had learned something of the vast area of arid lands known as the Mojave, or Great American Desert, extending some 375 miles.

Hitherto I have written about the beautiful things we have seen on the trip; the majestic mountains, the fertile valleys, the picturesque rivers and the busy cities, but

one cannot eat pie and have pie all the time, so now we have a picture of barren waste. The verdure and vegetation seem to have entirely disappeared as we behold the barren mountain ranges and vast stretches of plains devoid, actually stripped of all signs of vegetable growth, with the possible exception of dwarfed bushes, called greasewood.

Ere reaching Kelso we learned that rain had fallen in the desert the previous morning, the first rainfall here in two years. Kelso, by the way, is a settlement within the borders of Southern California of about a dozen dwellings and we read on the railway station that we are 236 miles from Los Angeles and 545 miles from Salt Lake City. So we feel encouraged as we proceed still further into the desert.

On, on—sand, sand. The heat was intense; the dust arose like a fog. All the doors and windows were closed and still it penetrated the car. The tourists had divested themselves of all unnecessary clothing; some of necessity had to be retained. Drops of perspiration were on every noble brow. Conversation lagged, then completely ceased. Every one was busy with a single thought, viz: How long, oh, Lord! will this last or how long will I last if this thing keeps up? The situation was brief yet interesting while

it lasted, then relief came. The rainfall had been for us a balm of Gilead.

We had during the trip witnessed beautiful sunsets, the orb of day sinking, as it were, amid snow-capped mountains and from the Pacific Coast, but we now enjoyed the innovation of beholding a glorious sunset on the desert, transforming the barren mountains and plains into a semblance of weird grandeur, while the Western horizon never seemed more beautiful than in this instance as the lingering rays bathed the arid wilderness in golden splendor.

Will man ever reclaim at least a portion of these vast wastes of land?

Saturday, July 24.—At early morn our train is dashing through the land of the Mormons. The first impression one receives of Utah is not altogether favorable, as we are still in the barren lands. At long intervals we pass small settlements, finally arriving at Tintic, the great mining section.

Some of the humorists of the party suggested that inasmuch as we were now in the land of the Mormons a "committee of protection" be forthwith appointed to guard the interests of the unmarried females of our party against any encroachment of the said Mormons, but there was such a protest on the part of the ladies that no action was taken.

SALT LAKE CITY, THE MORMON METROPOLIS

CHAPTER VI

Salt Lake City, The Mormon Metropolis

Soon fertile valleys are again in evidence. Then lo! in the distance we catch a glimpse of the blue waters of the great Salt Lake. The Wasatch Mountains loom before us in their grandeur and about noon the train lands us safely in Salt Lake City.

The Mormon metropolis was gaily decorated with flags and bunting, commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the late Brigham Young's advent to Salt Lake City. It was apparent that we were in a very pleasant and prosperous city. The streets are cleanly; the stores are up to date and one cannot discern a Mormon from the average citizen.

After partaking of luncheon at our hotel we feel perfectly at home and at peace with all the world, including the Mormons. An enjoyable jaunt is that to Salt Air, a popular resort where we take a dip in the famous Great Salt Lake, the waters of which are so strong and buoyant that it

is almost impossible to go down if one simply keeps one's equilibrium. The masses flock to this lake resort by the thousands and it is great sport to witness the bathers bob up and down like corks. In the evening we witnessed a bicycle contest in Salt Lake Place.

Sunday, July 25.—Day of rest. Attended morning service at the M. E. Church. The pastor, in concluding his discourse, alluded to the numerous tourists in the city, saying he hoped some would remain permanently in the West and that others would return to their respective duties in the East.

THE TABERNACLE

Every one, of course, pays a visit to the world-famed Mormon Tabernacle, an immense auditorium, elliptical in shape and which seats over 8,000. It is 250 feet long, 150 feet wide and 80 feet in height. The acoustic properties are indeed remarkable. At a distance of 200 feet our guide dropped a pin on the wooden railing and whispered to us in the gallery, "Did you hear that?" both of which we heard with incredible distinctness. We attended the afternoon meeting, but unfortunately for us it was not a Mormon service.

In the west end of the tabernacle is the great organ, conceded by many musicians

as being the finest instrument of its kind in America. It was constructed more than thirty years ago from native materials. New mechanism is of necessity placed in the instrument from time to time, consequently it is up to date. It is capable of many tonal varieties. The free recitals given on various occasions are largely attended and highly appreciated by all lovers of music.

Brigham Young's grave is within a private enclosure on First Avenue. Several of his wives and a favorite son also repose here.

An imposing monument, dedicated to the memory of the late President of the Latter-day Saints, stands at the head of Main Street.

The Eagle Gate, formerly an entrance to the private grounds of Brigham Young, is another interesting point to the tourist. The Gate has been rebuilt and now appears as in the days of its late owner.

THE TEMPLE

Visitors are not permitted to invade the sacred precincts of the Mormon Temple, as it is a holy place devoted to sacred ordinances of marriage, baptism and services for the dead. All marriages solemnized within the temple are binding through all eternity, while marriages solemnized out-

side the temple are binding only during the earthly life.

Surmounting the central spire of the temple is a figure of hammered copper, covered with gold leaf, representing the Angel Moroni.

An enjoyable trolley ride is that to the United States army post at Fort Douglas. On the brow of the hill a magnificent view is had of the picturesque Salt Lake Valley and the city environed by the Wasatch Mountains, some of the snowy peaks glistening under the rays of the midsummer sun.

The residential section of the city is noted for its handsome homes, many being embowered with fragrant flowers and shrubbery.

At 6:45 P.M. our train is bearing us nearly northward through a prosperous farming section of the State. Soon we traverse a mountainous roadbed and darkness precludes further sightseeing. We cannot outline our environment, but we feel that the landscape all about us is untrammeled by the haunts of man and that peace and tranquillity reign supreme.

THE WONDERS OF YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

CHAPTER VII

The Wonders of Yellowstone National Park

Monday, July 26.—Here we are at Yellowstone railway station, a corner of Montana, at the western entrance to the Yellowstone National Park. This grand reservation is located in the northwest corner of Wyoming. Its boundaries overlap a few miles into Montana on the north and Idaho on the west. Its area is a fraction over 3,312 square miles. Three of the great rivers of the United States—the Missouri, Yellowstone and Columbia—have their respective sources in Yellowstone Park.

We are to spend five entire days in this reservation and the first thing in order was to breakfast at the station restaurant, after which the fun began, as there were not sufficient conveyances to take us through the park, owing to the unusual rush of tourists ahead of us, consequently we were compelled to "lay over" until the next morning. Our tempers were somewhat ruffled by the enforced delay. Rev.

Jackson said, "My brother, let us take a walk and 'keep sweet.'" So he and the writer plunged into the Montana forest, unmindful of bears or other lurking dangers, inasmuch as my ministerial companion had on the "whole armor" and the "Sword of the Spirit," while my faith was strong and running capacities fairly good.

At the midday luncheon we had regained our proverbial good tempers and on board the "Chesterton" good cheer prevailed.

GREAT TREES FROM ACORNS GROW.

A fair maiden hailing from the wilds of New Jersey, in a spirit of fun, started canvassing on the train for an imaginary book narrating the stirring incidents of our trip. She met with great success in securing subscriptions. Thus partly through jesting there followed inspiration and then realization—hence this tale.

In the evening Miss Kathryn Taylor entertained us with "I'm Keeping This Seat for a Friend" and other humorous recitations, while Brother Jackson submitted injunctions pertinent to the occasion, consequently our "lay over" day in the wilds of Montana proved a cloud with a silver lining.

Departed this (Western) life: Rev. M. W. Womer and Mr. George C. Johnson.

After camping out they will return to the cultured East.

Miss H. H. Stevenson bade us a tearful farewell at Los Angeles. In fact, we all felt the parting very keenly, especially when the quartette (home talent) sang with great emotion, concluding with the touching refrain "Good-by, Stevy; you're goin' to leave us now." Joe, our porter, went into a paroxysm of laughter; even the train stopped as Miss Stevenson alighted.

Tuesday, July 27.—In the early morning at the western entrance to Uncle Sam's reservation two heavy stages and one surrey, containing our party of twenty-five members, roll merrily into Christmas Tree Park under leaden skies, but who cares for the weather? Not we.

The beautiful Madison River comes into view, then the military post near the western approach to Madison Canyon—the canyon, by the way, being a prelude to the wonders we are to witness in this wondrous reservation.

At National Park Mountain we come to the junction of Gibbon and Firehole rivers, the source of the Madison River, the latter being one of the main branches of the Missouri River.

The Cascades of the Firehole are very beautiful and the driveway becomes more interesting as the Rockies continue to un-

fold before us a series of moving pictures. After crossing Nez Perces Creek we catch sight of our first stopping place, the Fountain Hotel. We were chilled to the bone and the cheerful log fire was fully appreciated. Ere starting on the afternoon drive Governor Hughes, of New York, entered the hostelry. We gave him three hearty cheers and he smiled and extended the gubernatorial hand.

FREAKS OF NATURE

The skies brightened and we were soon viewing the wonders and freaks of nature abounding here on every hand. We are now in the Lower Geyser Basin, embracing an area of thirty to forty square miles, over which are scattered hot boiling springs, geysers active and otherwise, paint pots numbering more than 600—but fear not, life is too short; we shall mention a few only.

The Fountain Geyser, south of the hotel, failed to erupt during our brief stay here. Near the roadway are the Mammoth Paint Pots. This remarkable caldron has a basin which measures 40 by 60 feet, with a mass of fine whitish substance which is in a state of constant agitation. It resembles a boiling pot of paint, producing a continuous "plop-plop." The cones are of various hues and very pleasing to

the eye. In close proximity is the Excelsior Geyser (or "Hell's Half Acre"), Morning Glory Spring, noted for its beautiful coloring, as is the Punch Bowl. There is a boiling spring here; it should be named Laundry Spring. One drops a handkerchief into the boiling waters, and lo! it disappears into the depths. If one is patient, the handkerchief finally comes up whiter than snow, with no charge for the service. There are many others worthy of mention.

OLD FAITHFUL INN

This is the end of the first day's coaching, and we are glad to alight. One immediately feels perfectly "at home" in this quaint hostelry, an extensive log structure so quaint and decidedly unique in its construction that one is lost in admiration. The stairways have split logs for steps and the old-time fireplace is a cheerful sight with its burning logs of lurid flame, while the massive clock, keeping Mountain time, ticks, ticks merrily the hours away. The interior is artistically arranged, indicative of a forest conquered and utilized.

OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER

The guide escorts the tourists from every clime and nation to the various boil-

ing springs and geysers which abound in the immediate vicinity, as the Giant, the Beehive, the Lion, the Lioness and Cubs, the Sponge and many others, but the most noted, the reliable friend of the tourist, is the Old Faithful Geyser. Every sixty-five minutes (with rarely any variation), day and night, summer or winter, rain or shine, this wondrous freak of nature gives a performance. Its eruptions begin with a few spasmodic spurts, followed by a column of hot water projected upward 125 to 150 feet for a period of three to five minutes. At night the searchlight from the roof of the hotel is turned upon it, and it is then Old Faithful shines forth in all its glory as the ascending waters assume the various hues of the rainbow, then changing to ethereal snowy whiteness of dazzling splendor.

A FEAST OF "POPCORN"

After enjoying the spectacular exhibition every one returned to the hotel and from the great log fire the porter popped a big pan of corn, passing it in turn to the guests, reminding us of the good old days —or wintry nights—"down on the farm."

Governor Hughes is here and is evidently enjoying himself. The Governor is also making a circuit of the park, accompanied by his secretary. A gentle-

man at the hotel said to me: "You people of New York should be proud of your Governor Hughes. He would make an ideal President, and though I am not a Republican, he would receive my support were he to be a candidate."

Wednesday, July 28.—We take our leave of Old Faithful Inn. Castle Geyser, in the immediate vicinity, one of the oldest active geysers, failed to give us an exhibition. A splendid view is had of Kepler Cascades as the waters leap from shelf to shelf of a rocky chasm in a series of enchanting falls.

As we roll merrily along our driver indicates the point of the Continental Divide, where the waters, insignificant at the start, divide, one stream sloping towards the west, finally reaching the Pacific, and the other, reinforced later by "feeding" waters, eventually reaching the Atlantic Coast. A view is obtained of Shoshone Lake and in due time, or in time for lunch, we reach Thumb Bay Lunch Station, which is on the west arm of Yellowstone Lake. The blue waters of the lake, with the snow peak range of mountains in the background, forms a delightful panorama from our point of view.

A "FISH" STORY

Prior to refreshing the "inner man" a guide, acting in the dual capacity of lec-

turer, takes us in charge and leads us to various pools of beauteous effects in colors, hues of dazzling brilliance, boiling springs, spouting geysers and curious formations of considerable area. At one of these pools it is a remarkable fact that one can fish from the bank of the lake and then boil the "catch" in the boiling spring without changing one's position. To one who has never visited the Far West this may appear fishy.

An esteemed friend who had previously taken the trip to the West stated having seen geranium trees in California eight feet high and the writer of these lines cheerfully corroborates the statement, having viewed some of those trees when passing through that State.

Therefore marvel not at any statement emanating from the West.

AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY VERSUS STAGE COACHES

The second day of coaching in the park is up a precipitous mountain roadway. Uncle Sam would do a good turn for both the horse and tourist were the lumbersome horse-killing stage coaches abolished and an electric road substituted to traverse this reservation. The circuit of Yellowstone Park by stage covers about 170 miles. Even with four horses to each stage, the

strain upon the horses at some of the almost endless hills was indeed terrific. The veins of the animals would stand out like whipcords. The ordeal is cruelty to animals. One of our horses of the surrey was completely exhausted. After considerable difficulty a new team was obtained and we proceeded. The sun shone brightly and the chipmunks and squirrels came forth from their hiding places to greet us, while some beautiful specimens of deer seemed to welcome our intrusion to their haunts in the Rockies.

Here, amid the luxuriant pines and towering cliffs, one breathes the pure air of heaven at an altitude of over 8,000 feet above sea level. From the roadway is afforded a good view of the Natural Bridge, an interesting arch of stone, which our driver informs us is some forty feet high and six feet wide.

Looking toward the mountain range on the east side of the lake is seen the "Sleeping Giant," formed of the peaks of Saddle Mountain. Soon we are beside the placid waters of Yellowstone Lake as our stages roll up to the Lake Hotel, where we are to sojourn for the night.

FEEDING THE BEARS

Just before sunset quite a number of the guests sauntered out to where the bears

come down from the mountains to their "feeding place" for their evening meal, generously provided by the hotel management. There were nine in all, big and small. Their antics were highly amusing, as each bear would try and eat everything in sight regardless of his fellow bears. Many of the "bears" in the human family are doing that very same thing in this work-a-day world of ours. What's the sense in being "bearish," anyhow? Finally big black "Joe," a stalwart grizzly, came stalking upon the scene and then the other bears slunk away as "Joe" asserted his authority. Governor Hughes was one of the spectators and hugely enjoyed the novel exhibition.

YELLOWSTONE LAKE

A delightful spot this, beside the waters of Yellowstone Lake, noted as the coldest body of water in North America at so great an altitude, 7,741 feet above sea level. It is fifteen by twenty miles in size. In the distance is Mount Sheridan, its peaks snow-capped, radiant and superb.

Thursday, July 29.—This is our third day in the park. All Nature smiles. How good it is to be alive and in perfect health to enjoy and appreciate God's scenic splendors so lavishly displayed in this reservation.

As we now skirt the banks of the Yellowstone River, having passed the confines of the lake, our driver suddenly halts the team as he points to the waters on the brink, saying, "Look down there." We do so and behold the waters teeming with bright, shining trout.

The conveyances halt and we alight to view the Mud Volcano, so called because of its peculiar formation, a grewsome freak of Nature about 30 feet in depth, emitting through a cave-like opening a lead-colored mass of mud having the semblance of soft mortar, which is being constantly belched forth, accompanied by dull, muffled sounds. Gazing thereon, one is lost for words and simply says: "Wonderful, wonderful!"

We enter Hayden Valley, the largest in the reservation, which is especially adapted as a grange for game. In the distance towers Mount Washburn at an elevation of 10,388 feet.

We cross the Grand Canyon Bridge, the current of the river at this point being very rapid, the waters tumbling and swirling in picturesque cataracts around masses of rocks, and a little later our driver draws rein as we catch our first view from the roadway of the Upper Falls of the Yellowstone, which have a drop of 135 feet. A quarter of a mile below the Yellowstone takes another leap of 360 feet, called the

Lower or Great Falls. They are stupendous, majestic and awe-inspiring and we shall view them later at closer range.

THE GRAND CANYON

Our conveyances halt at Artist's Point, where we alight, and here we obtain the first and never-to-be-forgotten view of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. What pen can give any adequate conception of that great chasm yawning at one's feet. Its depth awes us; its radiance charms the senses as we behold the exquisite hues of every conceivable color blended in perfect harmony, seemingly splashed from a gigantic palette, and yet so artistically painted by the Master Artist that the spectacle irresistibly commands our highest admiration!

Before taking this trip I had read descriptions and looked at views of the Grand Canyon. Arriving upon the scene, my preconceptions of it were necessarily changed because the grandeur here unfolded cannot be described. It is the domain where man is and should be silent, that the soul might commune with the Supreme Power manifested in the splendors all about us.

We next get a closer view of the Upper Falls as we stand upon the brink, gazing upon the great volume of water as it goes

foaming over the precipice, resplendent in its various hues.

By this time nearly all of us were too full for utterance, yet we were glad to reach the Canyon Hotel in time for luncheon. I trust, for the sake of the ladies of the party, the above will not be misunderstood.

VIEW FROM INSPIRATION POINT

In the afternoon special conveyances take us first to Inspiration Point, where, to our surprise, we espy an eagle's nest on a rock far below us; it is seldom one gets higher than the American eagle. And then we gaze far into the depths at our feet below into the gorge, viewing its vastness and myriads of colored effects and the seemingly narrow stream winding its way through the chasm transcendentally picturesque, flecked with foaming white, tinged with blue—the Yellowstone River. A young lady was heard to remark at this point: "Well, I've got my fifty-five dollars' worth right at this spot!" (that being the cost of a five-days' stage trip through the park).

THE LOWER FALLS

After visiting Grand View and Point Lookout, where the tourist observes the

canyon at various viewpoints, and one must do this in order to form a true conception of it in its entirety, we next descend the 497 steps leading to the brink of the Lower or Great Falls. Here we view the river as it dashes over the bank in glassy sheets. The spray in its wake, touched by the sunbeams, forms a perfect rainbow. The picture was indeed complete!

IN THE GLOAMING

At twilight the Rev. S. T. Jackson and myself again visited Point Lookout, and in the gloaming there seemed in the solitude and the quietness, broken only by the sound of the falls, new beauties and revelations unfolding before us as we continued to gaze upon the glorious spectacle. Thus we tarried and communed until it was time to say "good-night."

Friday, July 30.—A truly delightful ride is that from the Grand Canyon to Mammoth Hot Springs, passing many points of interest on the way.

We note the "wedded trees." The trunks in their vigorous growth had interlocked and thus grown up as one great tree. The white-capped waters of the Virginia Cascades were decidedly picturesque, as were the Twin Lakes.

Our driver drew rein at a curious boil-

ing spring, the "Frying Pan," and, sure enough, the shape exactly corresponds with the aforesaid utensil. We quenched our respective twenty-five thirsts at the noted Apollinaris Spring, the waters of which are refreshing, delicious and without price.

NORRIS GEYSER BASIN

We catch a glimpse of Electric Peak, which rises to supernal heights, and our "coaches" roll up to the Norris Hotel, where we alight for luncheon. The mountain air sharpens one's appetite, consequently the call to the dining-room is hailed with considerable satisfaction. Preparatory to that interesting feature a guide escorts us through Norris Geyser Basin, where we view more spouting geysers and boiling springs galore. A remarkable little geyser is the Constant, or Minute Man, which plays every three minutes, with only a slight variation. The pool is twenty-four feet in diameter, filled with water of crystal clearness.

A wondrous freak seen here is the Black Growler. It throws out but little water, which is very dark, having an odor of sulphur. The continuous growl or roar from its internal or infernal regions below gives one the impression that a great factory is working overtime.

Another neighboring monster is the

"Hurricane," possibly related to the "Black Growler," being similar in the character of its eruptions, which is destructive to surrounding vegetation and foliage.

The afternoon drive brings us to Beaver Lake, a beautiful body of water, so called because the beavers have constructed real dams at certain points in the lake. Obsidian Cliff looms 250 feet above the roadway. This was formerly a famous resort for all the tribes of Rocky Mountain Indians. It was here they assembled for their pow-wows and to adjust tribal difficulties.

THE GOLDEN GATE

Our stages now swung into one of the most picturesque points of the park, a rugged pass between the base of lofty Bunsen Peak and the southern extremity of Terrace Mountain, known as the "Golden Gate." The sides of these rocky walls, which rise nearly 300 feet above the roadway, are covered with a yellow moss, hence the suggestive name the pass now bears.

THE SILVER GATE

Another surprise awaits us as we pass through a strange, weird region, called the "Silver Gate and the Hoodoos." These curious formations, comprising huge

THE TERRACE AT MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, YELLOWSTONE PARK.—Page 125.

blocks of limestone of grotesque shapes and weird proportions, cover an area of a square mile, in the midst of which the roadway makes an abrupt turn, passing between these great freaks, which rise fully 75 feet high; hence the name "Silver Gate."

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS

We shortly land, twenty-five strong, in vigorous condition at our hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs, and very soon we start out to view the terrace building hot springs, which are noted for their great beauty and to which tourists have been lured to behold from the uttermost parts of the habitable globe. These peculiar springs occupy several acres on the northern slope of Terrace Mountain.

Minerva Terrace covers an area of nearly an acre, having a mass of deposit with a hot spring on the summit, some twenty feet in diameter, the temperature of which is 154 degrees Fahrenheit. These layers of deposit present the most delicate coloring, from the lightest cream to the deepest shades of yellow and orange, commingled with transparent hues of blue.

Jupiter Terrace, the largest of the entire group, has a brilliantly colored deposit extending some 2,000 feet along the edge of a high mound south of Minerva Terrace. It is a good climb to the summit,

where one observes two large springs of boiling water trickling down over the terraces.

This great mass of terrace-building deposit is the result of ages of continuous deposition from these boiling springs. The flowing portion grows rapidly, while the larger dry part is crumbling.

Contiguous to this point is located a large United States cavalry post. Scouts are employed by the Government, their duties being to protect the beauties of the reservation from vandalism, prevent the spreading of camp fires and to preserve good order in general. Indeed, since our entrance into the park we have been in close touch with guards on horseback following our coaches, so that the tourist is quite as safe here as at "home, sweet home."

It was from the Mammoth Springs Hotel that Governor Hughes took his departure from the park by way of Gardiner entrance. A member of our party, an enthusiastic admirer of the Governor, remarked as he grasped the gubernatorial hand, "Well, Governor, I hope some day to greet you as 'President,' " to which Governor Hughes quickly responded: "Thank you, but don't worry about that, sir." We all esteemed it a privilege as well as an honor to have toured the park at the identical time with the Governor, while some

of the ladies declared it was a piece of good luck, as they were unanimous in the thought that the present Governor of New York will in due time become "the President."

I noted that there are no "frills" on the Governor, no "big stick" in evidence; that he ate, drank and smoked like the common run of mankind and that if he "gets the job" of being President he will measure up to the "job." That, in plain words, is my impression of the man.

Saturday, July 31.—This is our fifth and last day in the park. We bid adieu to Mammoth Hot Springs, repassing some of the scenes we had observed the previous day. Our driver grows communicative. Was it because of "tips"? Perish that ignoble thought! He informs us that snowstorms begin here some seasons as early as October; that snowbanks were in evidence up to July 1 of the present year. In answer to the inquiry as to whether he was married, he replied emphatically, "No, and never shall be; never liked women well enough to marry one." He further elucidated that while he "did not like the women," he provided a home for his two sisters. We told him jocularly that there was still hope for him and that when we again visited the park we hoped to learn that he was supporting some "other fel-

low's sister," to which suggestion he snapped his whip at the "off" mare and said: "Never, on your life!"

Stopping at Norris Hotel for luncheon, we soon skirt the Gibbon River and canyon, the boiling Beryl Spring and view gigantic Mount Sheridan at close range, in due time reaching the junction of the Gibbon and Firehole rivers, then the Madison River, and a little later we are made glad at the familiar sight of Christmas Tree Park, our starting point at the western entrance to Yellowstone Park.

We had made an actual circuit of Uncle Sam's great park; had experienced five days of life on the "stage"; had drawn the curtains behind the scenes, and the wonders we had witnessed will abide with us as long as we live.

We partake of a "farewell' luncheon at the Yellowstone railway station and as the sun is sinking in the western horizon we are gliding over the green fields of Idaho, rich in verdure and attesting in silent eloquence the bountiful harvests awaiting the husbandmen.

Salt Lake City, Sunday, August 1.—Day of rest. Again we find the city bedecked with flags and bunting. Is it because we are back in the Mormon metropolis? If so, we will be frank and state our sojourn is because we were about fifteen

minutes too late to make connections with an outgoing train. No, we are informed the decorations are *not* in "our" honor, but in honor of the G. A. R. Very well; we don't want any fuss made over us. We are not used to that sort of thing.

A MORMON SERVICE

At 3 o'clock P.M. there was a special service for tourists at the Mormon Tabernacle. We attended and first we were favored with an organ recital, which was indeed very fine, demonstrating the wondrous powers and capacities of that great instrument. Then an elder of the Latter-day Saints gave a very brief synopsis of the Mormon faith. He submitted no thoughts or dogmas for special controversy. He steered his bark clear of the snag of polygamy. He claimed the right to worship as one's conscience dictated, and with true Methodistic fervor we said "Amen" to that. The speaker used his words very skillfully, made no vigorous effort to "convert" us, and we listened respectfully, and at the close of the service felt none the worse because of the "talk"; in fact, we appreciated the effort to enlighten us.

The train is again in motion, whirling us through beautiful Salt Lake Valley. During the night we traverse a section of

the Wasatch Mountains, the ascent at certain points necessitating three engines to pull us through. In the moonlight the mountain peaks appear strangely weird, while silence reigns o'er the vast domain.

SCENIC COLORADO — PIKE'S PEAK—GARDEN OF THE GODS

CHAPTER VIII

Scenic Colorado—Pike's Peak—Garden of the Gods

Monday, August 2.—The train is now bearing us over the grand State of Colorado; majestic mountains in the background, while fertile valleys expand before us, forming a panorama of perfect beauty and tranquillity.

GLENWOOD SPRINGS

At the Hotel Colorado, Glenwood Springs, a day of rest is fully appreciated, especially by the ladies of the party following the five days' coaching in Yellowstone Park.

This is one of the best known pleasure resorts in the West. It is noted for its sulphur springs. If the sulphur water does not kill—beg pardon—cure the ills of the flesh, the hot sulphur baths will finish the job. Seriously speaking, it is asserted that the sulphur baths here are great curative agencies in many cases.

Here Roaring Fork River empties into

the Grand, while Mount Sopris stands forth in its peculiar grandeur. This is the spot par excellence to renew one's youth. Drink from the springs, indulge in sulphur baths, take the "rest" cure and lo! one is a new creature.

Another one of our members has departed this Western life for—

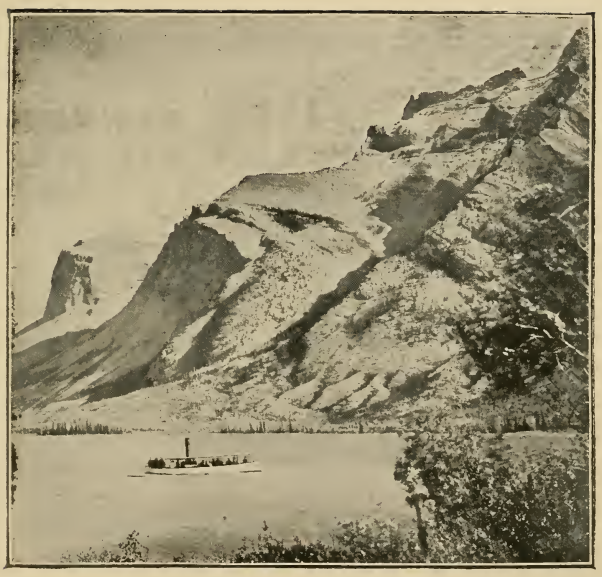
Brother Jackson's left our party—
Never more out West to roam.
Dead? Oh, no! For his laugh is blithe and hearty
As he speeds t'ward his New Jersey home!

Our beloved fellow traveler through the wilderness was just a little homesick. He longed to see the partner of his joys and sorrows—even scenic Colorado could not hold him. Was there ever such filial devotion as this!

As one departeth so two others cometh, as Miss Evelyn M. Paries and Miss Harriet D. Lindsley rejoined our noble band at Glenwood Springs. They are blithesome as larks. In fact, they declare most emphatically that the entire trip is a lark.

GRAND RIVER CANYON

Tuesday, August 1.—Just out of Glenwood Springs an open observation car is



A ROCKY MOUNTAIN LAKE. Page 135.

added to the train, which fact is highly appreciated, as we now enter the wondrous canyon of the Grand River. This canyon is sixteen miles long. The Rockies seemingly hem us in, as they tower 2,500 feet high, while the Grand River, lashed to fury because of its limited confines, makes the scene highly enchanting and we enjoy it to the utmost.

In a short space of time we enter the celebrated canyon of the Eagle River, also impressive with the grandeur of Nature. Here is witnessed the curious sight of mines being worked on well-nigh perpendicular mountainsides 2,000 feet high on either hand.

MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS

From the train we catch a view of the wondrous Mount of the Holy Cross. The cross is formed by two transverse canyons of immense depth, riven down and across the mountain. In these canyons lie eternal snow. Whether from lack of snow or from a defective point of view, the "cross" did not appear to good advantage to us. However, we were willing to concede the "mount's" full height of 14,176 feet.

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE OF THE CONTINENT

At the crest of Tennessee Pass we have attained an altitude of 10,240 feet. The

snow fields seem almost in touch with us, and we are "de-lighted!" No South Africa for our crowd! Already we are in love with scenic Colorado.

It is here the Pacific slope is changed for the Atlantic, this being the top of the Continental Divide of the continent.

The scene now changes as we enter the Valley of the Arkansas, amid hay and cattle ranches. Peace and contentment go hand in hand. As we further traverse the valley we presently observe Mounts Harvard, Princeton and Yale of the Collegiate Range and a little later a glimpse is had of glorious Pike's Peak in the distance.

GRAND CANYON OF THE ARKANSAS

We had been surprised and awed into mute silence many times during this grandest trip on earth; our adjectives had completely "played out" long since, but we were to witness another "thriller" as we entered the confines of the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas, which is ten miles long. The narrowest part of the passage is the Royal Gorge, scarce space between mountain wall and river for the single track. At one point (the Hanging Bridge) the width is but ten yards and the roadbed has been built out over the river. The mountain walls tower aloft 2,627 feet and the river boils madly through its tortuous

course. Amid this scenic splendor the spectator is completely lost in admiration, mingled with awe. Emerging from the Grand Canyon the train skirts the State Penitentiary. Making a brief stop at Pueblo, the second city of the State, we in due time arrive at Colorado Springs and from thence proceed to our hotel, the Cliff House, Manitou. Our eyes had beheld such a surfeit of wondrous sights amid the majestic Rockies of scenic Colorado that we were glad to rest them for a while. How sweet and beneficent to mortals is the precious boon of Nature—balmy sleep and rest!

MANITOU

Wednesday, August 4.—This is a little Eden, where health, comfort and delightful surroundings blend in perfect harmony. If one has any love for the beautiful in the realm of Nature in one's make-up it must surely "break out" in this lovely spot, and if it doesn't—better go straight home and chop wood or dig clams, with no aspersions on those occupations.

Here numerous mineral springs abound, a spring for each and every ailment, real or imaginary. It is the Saratoga of the West at the entrance to the Garden of the Gods and the starting point for Pike's Peak.

SIDE TRIP TO CRIPPLE CREEK

In the early morn we start from Manitou by trolley to Colorado Springs; from thence we shall take the side trip of forty miles by steam to the celebrated mining camps of Cripple Creek.

As we pass through Colorado Springs we admire the broad streets and magnificent residences of the city, reputed an ideal home city of great private wealth. The city claims a population of 30,000.

We are on the train and have "special reserved seats." "All aboard"—we're off! They tell us this is the trip that to describe bankrupts the English language, but methinks we went into bankruptcy in that respect back yonder amid the glories of the Canadian Rockies and capped the climax upon re-entering the domains of our Uncle Samuel.

Our guide and megaphone man calls out the points of interest as we proceed upward: "Colorado City on the right." We next cross the trestle over Bear Creek Canyon. The train is now ascending rugged passes. Towns begin to look very insignificant in size from our elevated point of view. Hurrah! Ascend, old train, higher and still higher, as we have witnessed such a wealth of scenic grandeur that it seems scarcely any scene on this mundane sphere could daze us now!

"Point Sublime," our guide announces. The point is well taken as we gaze down into the yawning abyss at our feet. We are now 7,200 feet above sea level.

"North Cheyenne Canyon," another magnificent panorama is outstretched before us. Then the announcement, "Silver Cascades on the right," and we gaze with enraptured vision at the beautiful waterfalls, sparkling and shimmering with varied hues in the morning sunlight.

"St. Peter's Dome." A huge mass of granite looms up before us, towering o'er the heights sublime—about 10,000 feet high.

"Devil's Slide on the right." The announcement was somewhat startling, inasmuch as we had hitherto conceived the region of His Satanic Majesty being at a much lower altitude than this.

At Goldfields we boarded an electric car en route to Cripple Creek, and soon we are in close proximity to famous gold and silver mines, some being in active operation while others are abandoned.

Here is observed the American Eagle Mine, said to be the highest mine in the world, at an altitude of 11,000 feet. The Portland Mine, we were informed, is the longest mine in the United States.

Mountains in New Mexico, 100 miles distant, can be discerned. That is, our

guide tells us that they are that distance, so we take his word for it.

On the sides of neighboring mountains we observe small cave-like openings, indicating the track of prospectors in their search for hidden wealth. Gold King Mountain is pointed out, showing the spot where gold was first discovered in 1891, there being but one log cabin in Cripple Creek at that time.

We get a glimpse of Altman, which our guide informs us has the distinction of being "the highest incorporated town in the world."

In the distance, fifty miles away, can be seen the snow-capped peaks of the Sangre de Cristo range of mountains.

CRIPPLE CREEK

In the valley at our feet lies Cripple Creek, now boasting a population of 15,000. A little later we find ourselves in the famous mining city. Many have reached here with great expectations—and gone "broke." We promenade the principal streets of the city, noting that the dwellings and business houses are built of substantial brick, averaging two and three stories in height. Numerous stores are "to let."

At one of the leading hotels we were served with luncheon fit for a potentate

or the President of the United States, and I so expressed it to the wife of the proprietor, and her beaming smile lit up the room.

Ere taking our departure from the city the members of our party who had any money left at this stage of the trip entered jewelry stores to look at the "pretty things"—and the jewelers did the rest. Upon returning we noted numerous mines at Victor in active operation, also some abandoned mines.

But ah! if these mines could speak, what tales would be regaled of man's insatiable thirst for gold. And these abandoned mines, what could be told of unrealized hopes, of unrequited toil, of the widows' and orphans' savings ruthlessly sacrificed therein! The Cripple Creek gold and silver mining region is likened unto a great checkerboard in the great drama of life.

The side trip to Cripple Creek was indeed an interesting one, aside from its scenic features. Enjoying the high altitude of 10,000 feet, we hope to go still higher on the morrow, as we anticipate ascending Pike's Peak.

PIKE'S PEAK BY RAIL

Thursday, August 5.—One may walk or ride a "broncho" up the precipitous mountain paths, but we choose making

the ascent by the Cogwheel Route. The sun shines brightly as the car, with the engine in the rear, begins the climb of 14,147 feet. Some handshaking is done and irrelevant remarks indulged in, such as "We'll meet you above," etc., and then we await developments. Some very devout mortal (or mortals) have utilized the big rocks for religious purposes, as upon one is: "All the wicked and all nations shall be turned into hell that forsake God," and a little further an individual, evidently with a vein of humor, has inscribed: "Let the wicked forsake this way."

We are slowly yet surely ascending, as is attested by the passing objects on either side as the conductor announces them from time to time.

Various rocks are given suggestive names, such as "Lone Fisherman," "Hanging Rock," "Plum Pudding," "Turtle Rock," etc., because they very much resemble in form the objects thus designated.

There are six stations or stopping points on the line and three water tanks, for the engine is a hard drinker.

As we proceed upward our conductor announces "Son-of-a-Gun Hill." We thought this somewhat irreverent, but after we viewed the "hill" the name seemed very fitting and appropriate and no change in the name was even suggested.

Our first stop was at Minnehaha; quite romantic station this. A little further on and another stop is made at the Half-way House, a rustic mountain hotel, and towering above it are the rocks of "Hell Gate," through whose portals our car passes.

A view is had of Mount Burley, 12,000 feet high, in the distance. We can now sweep the horizon for 100 miles. The atmosphere is rapidly changing. The conductor states that the ascent is at an angle of 25 per cent., adding that the power house on the right is the highest in the world.

Every one is now entering with great zest into the sensations of the trip. Expressions are heard, "Wouldn't missed this for the world!" "Are you cold, Dorothy?" "Cheer up—the worst is yet to come!"

At the next stop an opportunity is given passengers to purchase or hire extra wraps, but this is not the north pole—only "tenderfeet" put on extra clothing.

The United States Government seal stamped close to the track indicates that we have attained an altitude of 11,000 feet.

Picturesque Lake Marie, far below, resembles a small pond. At 11,500 feet we pass beyond the vegetation line into the bare rock region and the point of view becomes still grander. Looking to the

south we can discern the sharp outlines of the Spanish peaks in New Mexico, said to be 140 miles distant!

At "Windy Point" we have attained an elevation of 12,000 feet. Passengers seriously don more wraps. Feels like a frosty morning in November on Long Island, but the date is August 5.

A pretty flower girl now appears on the car with Pike's Peak forget-me-nots for sale, grown above the timber line. The engine takes another drink and wheezes ahead.

Still another rock inscription reads: "Where will you spend eternity?" "Cripple Creek," says our conductor, and, sure enough, in the distance we discern Cripple Creek and its surrounding mines, also the mountains marking the Continental Divide, and then at last we have reached the glorious summit of Pike's Peak.

THE SUMMIT

We are now at an altitude of 14,147 feet, but there are no unpleasant physical sensations, such as shortness of breath, or fainting on the part of the gentler sex. The matchless environment alone dazes and awes the spectator, for here is sublimity enthroned. One feels like the hero in "Monte Cristo" who in triumph declares, "The world is mine!" The panorama out-

SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK.—Page 144.

stretches and unfolds before one's enraptured vision in all its grandeur and its immensity seems incredible. The view from this exalted point simply baffles description.

We are above the cloud line, but in forty minutes we shall return to the lowlands of earth. Amid ledges of rock we hunted high and low for traces of snow without avail, when to our satisfaction the Hon. Wm. F. Cody's nephew kindly proffered a handful he had descried, and with a portion of this heaven-born article the writer washed the fair cheeks of a young lady hailing from New Jersey. She struggled not and sweetly murmured, "It's awfully nice!"

We purchased a copy of the paper published on the summit and, presto! our names were recorded "on high" among the "latest arrivals." On the summit we note the tablet dedicated to the memory of

"Zebulon Montgomery Pike,
Soldier, Explorer," etc.

At the summit no postal cards can be mailed therefrom unless the same be purchased at that point; the price charged per postal, including stamp, is 10 cents. This, to my way of thinking, is a piece of imposition. It is un-American and should be stopped.

After having our photos taken on the summit to certify to our friends at home that we actually did the "peak," reluctantly we began the descent, happy in the thought that one of the aspirations of school days had been gratified.

GARDEN OF THE GODS

The descent was made in due time, and after partaking of luncheon at our hotel we soon found ourselves in carriages at the entrance to the Garden of the Gods. The redstone formations seen here are certainly unique.

The driver calls our attention to two portions of stone being similar in proportion, called "The Siamese Twins," and we notice the resemblance. Then our lecturer introduces us to "The Washerwoman," and, sure enough, the outline of the aforesaid woman is observed bending over the washtub. In rapid succession we note Punch and Judy, the Balanced Rock, the Steamboat, the Cemetery, the Lion's Head, the Kissing Camels and other formations too numerous to mention. The peculiar beauty and striking resemblance to the object named in each instance elicited our heartiest approval and deepest appreciation. The ladies' "ah's" and "Isn't that just too cute for anything!" demonstrated that imagination is a great

thing, for, of course, in viewing these formations or freaks, one must have an imaginative turn of mind in order to see the beauties thereof. However, the driver usually attends to this, and he readily makes up any deficiency existing on the part of the spectator.

CAVE OF THE WINDS

We continue our drive through Williams Canyon. The drive proved a veritable "Rocky Road to Dublin," along narrow ledges of rock, then winding up high mountain cliffs, and as one gazes into the depths a creepy feeling steals up and down the spinal column. However, one is tolerably safe if the driver is strictly sober and horses shy not. Just at this point one of the occupants of our carriage announced in measured tones, "Look! three beautiful deer at the right." We looked and what do you think we beheld? Why, three "dear" mountain lassies! The joker was a married man, too.

Finally we arrived at the Cave of the Winds, where we each deposited a dollar as an act of good faith and a guide with a defective articulation took us through a subterranean passage lighted by electricity, and the aforesaid lecturer-guide proceeded to unwind his stock of knowledge about the queer and curious forma-

tions here exhibited. The formations, termed stalactites, grow downward from the ceiling and are very beautiful, while the stalagmites grow upward from the floor of earth and rock. Some of these formations are undoubtedly fine, but do not compare in size and beauty with those of the Luray Caverns in Virginia.

It is with reluctance we take our leave of beautiful Manitou. At twilight, from the train, we catch a fleeting view of the light on the summit of Pike's Peak, seemingly bidding us adieu as we turn toward the East.

We rather like Colorado, its climate being all that mortals can desire; its lands are rich in vegetation; its valleys are fertile and surpassingly beautiful to behold, while its mountains teem with precious silver and gold. Methinks any individual doing well in that State should remain there, as it is one of the scenic spots and health resorts of Mother Earth.

The "dry farming" section of the State was traversed in the darkness. Dry farming is the process of retaining the natural moisture of the soil sufficiently to mature the crop when rain falls only at long intervals and irrigation is not feasible.

We have touched or crossed the States where women have full suffrage—Idaho, Wyoming, Utah and Colorado—and it seems, in passing, that these common-

wealths are not going to the bow-wows in consequence of its female citizens utilizing their rights.

The woman suffrage pot is boiling over in England, and if we read aright the signs of the times, it would seem the pot is beginning to simmer on this side of the Atlantic and by and by the women will be victorious and the right to go to the polls and vote in all the States will be theirs. By what right, human or Divine, do the so-called "lords of creation" deny woman the privilege of full suffrage?

HOMEWARD BOUND—PASSING COMMENTS

CHAPTER IX

Homeward Bound—Passing Comments

Friday, August 6.—The dawn of day brings us into new scenes. The mountains, the yawning canyons, the picturesque cascades and the beautiful valleys are no longer in evidence, as our train is forging across the fertile soil of Kansas. Vast fields of corn, seemingly as far as the eye can reach, outstretch before us, and the stubble of extensive fields of wheat attest the harvest of the latter has been garnered. A young lady who was jotting down notes of our trip was asked what she would say about Kansas and she replied: "I shall simply remark that 'Kansas stands for corn!'" Kansas is a glorious State nevertheless.

At Phillipsburg we adjust our timepieces one hour forward, changing from Mountain to Central time. We shall repeat the performance at Buffalo, changing from Central to Eastern time; in all probability our final change until the lure of the mountains again brings us westward.

PLEASANTRIES OF TRAVEL

While we are traversing the "corn belt" kindly permit me to digress for the time being to remark that there is a world of enjoyment in travel if one simply adjusts oneself to circumstances. It is just as well to find out first as last it docsn't pay to be too exacting; one must not expect all the comforts of home even on a Pullman car. Moreover, if matters do not always revolve in heavenly cycles pour in a little oil of forbearance, superior to Omega Oil in allaying irritation. Above all, "keep sweet." We tacked that motto on the curtains of our car.

Some individuals are born travelers, others are not. Some gaze with rapture on scenic grandeur, while others will be apparently unmoved, reminding us of those recorded in Holy Writ: "Having eyes, they see not; having ears, they hear not."

If one is seeking information while on the trip it is well to keep one's wit on the alert, with pencil sharpened, and ask questions. Keep on the right side of the trainmen, as they are pretty well posted on the routes traversed. It pays to be courteous to every one—helps one over the "bumps."

ONE ON "JOE," OUR PORTER

Before entering the Sacramento Valley our train was traversing a high plateau,

and looking across the valley and down into the canyon, I espied a railroad track. I said to our affable porter: "Joe, this train is evidently on the down grade, and I think it is heading for that track way down yonder. Am I right?" Joe scanned the rails way down in the canyon and answered: "I think you are wrong, sir. That track is on another road." "Thank you, Joe." Our train proceeded down the valley, actually forming a loop in one instance, and after a long interval, just as I had surmised, we were finally traversing the track down in the canyon, to Joe's utter amazement, who said "Well, I couldn't see how in the Lord's world it was possible for the train to get away down here!" But the real joke on Joe was that he had previously traveled over this identical route; in fact, he had actually "forgotten" this wondrous spot. Perhaps I, too, shall forget this "spot," but methinks it will not be until the lights of earth flicker and go out.

LOYAL TO THE EAST

I have hitherto alluded to the loyalty of the people of the Far West to their respective States, and it seems fitting at this point to record particularly the loyalty of the unmarried ladies of our party to their Eastern homes. To illustrate: Way back

in the Far Northwest, I think it was in Oregon, a resident of that State (a widower) having a fine ranch and his household was blessed with two lovely little tots —alas! now motherless. This Oregonian desired a wife for his bosom and at the same time a mother to his little "kiddies," and the announcement was made on the "Chesterton." Would the offer or "proposal" be accepted by any unmarried female member of our party? But we were not long kept in suspense. One young, blithesome creature said, "No; could not leave her happy home in the East." Another replied she would not forsake her "dear mamma"; another that "Oregon was too far from Jersey." A maiden from the Empire State said her heart was "loyal to New York." Still another objected on the ground that "there were two tots too many." All the returns were in save from our fair neighbor in the section opposite the writer of these lines. Laying aside her magazine, she sweetly said, "Really, I could not leave my little Wellsville, Ohio!" Was there ever such devotion to kindred, to the home or to the respective Central and Eastern States as this?

"TIPPING"

One of the bugbears of travel is the giving of "tips." The moment the tourist

gets fairly started on the trip he (or she) is expected to hand over tips until safely home again. Whether the tourist happens to be in the bondholding class or can scarcely afford to take the trip matters not. But simply dare to ignore the "unwritten law" of tip-giving and the "knight of the apron" will look at you, but oh! what a *look* you'll get! Why should this un-American system prevail? Why not tip all clerks, salesmen and salesladies in the stores?

On railway trains why tip only the waiters, cooks and porters? Why not tip the conductor for looking and taking up our tickets, the engineer who takes us safely through, and perhaps the road we are privileged to ride upon is not paying good dividends, so why not tip the stockholders? But here is the biggest "Why" of all. Why do not the railroad companies pay sufficient wages to all their employees on trains crossing the continent and thereby make tipping unnecessary? I understand that the porters could scarcely get along with the wages paid them by the railroad, but this ought not to be so.

While indulging in these passing comments our train is still dashing through Kansas and finally makes a stop at Topeka, the capital, thence on to Kansas City, where we alight.

KANSAS CITY

At this interesting point we have a few hours in which to get a glimpse of the town, and a large sightseeing automobile is soon whisking us through the streets of the city. We soon note that Kansas City is a wide awake, flourishing metropolis. The stores and business houses have a prosperous appearance.

Traversing the fashionable residential section we saw many palatial homes vying in elegance with any we had seen hitherto in our tour of the West. We had but one grievance against the city, viz.: The thermometer was down or rather "up" on us, and we were unanimous in the conclusion that for a red-hot, sizzling town Kansas City was certainty *it*.

ST. LOUIS

Saturday, August 7.—About 7 A.M. the train brought us into the great metropolis of the Southwest—St. Louis. After breakfast we again board a sightseeing automobile, taking in the sights of the city. We were greatly pleased with St. Louis, as it is both beautiful and great. Its Forest Park is next to that of Fairmount Park in Philadelphia in size, and we greatly admire its beauties and artistic features as we are whirled over its handsome driveways. It was also somewhat

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cooler than we found it in Kansas City. We shall not again leave our train until reaching the East.

THE HOMESTRETCH

All aboard for the homestretch! The train crosses the noble Mississippi River into the good old State of Illinois, the home State of America's greatest human product, Abraham Lincoln, and soon we are whizzing by towns and vast fields of luxuriant vegetation.

A TOURIST'S "IMPRESSIONS"

When one has taken a trip of this nature many inquiries are naturally made, such as What particular State or city did you like the "best of all"? What are the opportunities for the average worker out West? Can a person do better out West than in the East? These, of course, are difficult questions and to answer them intelligently would require a perfect knowledge and familiarity with the conditions and resources of the localities specified. A tourist can truthfully state one's impressions only. To the young man seeking a commercial career my impression is that Seattle, Wash., offers a splendid field. It is a busy centre, is not overcrowded like our Eastern cities and has an air of general prosperity. San Francisco is another rising city. For a residential city I would

commend Portland, the Rose City. The spot that appealed to me was that wondrous section in the beautiful Williamette Valley in Oregon. It seemed to me that the environment there was all that mortal could desire, but after noting scenic Colorado and breathing the invigorating air of that great State I was in the position of the maiden who had two suitors for her hand—she was undecided which to accept, loving each equally well.

Southern California is the winter resort for the people of the East. When the ice king waves his sceptre o'er the frozen East then flee to Del Monte, Santa Barbara or Riverside, if your purse-strings happily permit, for this is the perpetual land of flowers and warm sunshine, verily the gateway between earth and heaven.

The trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast is nearly finished. We have touched or crossed twenty-one States and covered nearly 11,000 miles. Over in Canada we crossed the Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, also a goodly portion of British Columbia, and again I repeat that, in my humble estimation, the Stars and Stripes should float over the entire Canadian and British possessions in North America!

We feel that the trip has been of great benefit to us; it has enlarged our conceptions of this grand country of ours. The

scenic wonders our eyes beheld amazed and awed us. No mortal can view the stupendous Canadian Rockies, towering in colossal magnitude toward heaven, and God's wonderland, which we term Yellowstone Park, without realizing that there is an Unseen Power all about us, bespeaking the Divine Hand, the Great Architect, Builder and Scenic Artist of the Universe!

The great and mighty West charmed us as we beheld its beauty, its productiveness and its great resources. Its climate is all that mortal can desire.

We shall miss the snow-capped mountains, the grand canyons, the dashing cataracts, the majestic waterfalls leaping gracefully over the precipices, the boiling springs and spouting geysers — these sights cannot be witnessed in the East. However, we have the Atlantic Ocean, noble rivers and splendid bays, and, above all, this fact, that this great country in its entirety is ours, and that the splendid facilities of travel soon take one to any point under the sun.

The train is now traversing picturesque Indiana, the State that produced that sterling statesman, Benjamin Harrison. A short stop is made at Indianapolis, but the itinerary did not permit any sightseeing at this interesting metropolis.

After touching the Pacific Coast one

doesn't feel very far westward in Indiana, seems kind of neighborly like; coming closer to Smith's Corner, Lawrence, the most desirable spot on Long Island.

NEARING HOME

Sunday, August 8.—During the night our train has traversed the State of Ohio, noted for its Presidential timber and the home State of our two martyred Presidents, James A. Garfield and William McKinley. All honor to the State that produces men of that stamp, including our present Executive, William H. Taft.

We touch a corner of Pennsylvania and later catch a glimpse of the blue waters of Lake Erie in the distance, thence on to Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, making a stop at Albany and soon we are skirting the familiar Hudson River.

THANKSGIVING

We are about to bid adieu to the members of our party whose warm friendship contributed largely in making the trip so enjoyable, and it is fitting that we give expression to our thankfulness that we have traveled across the continent and returned without accident, our train arriving at Seattle on schedule time, a tribute to the splendid railway system of our great land.

Furthermore, we feel under obligations to Rev. J. J. Foust, our genial conductor

of the tour, for his earnest efforts to make the trip as pleasant as possible. We also desire to speak a word of commendation of the Gillespie-Kinports Company, under whose direction this tour was taken.

Above all, we feel grateful to our Heavenly Father for the privilege of beholding the vast area of this glorious Republic—glad that we are citizens thereof and permitted to live and enjoy its blessings and freedom—this land now more wondrous to us than ever before. In the sweet by and by we hope to tour another Land that is even more glorious than this.

In order to preserve this fair country of ours how essential it is that only America's best type of men should be permitted to enact and execute its laws.

Gentle reader, our trip is ended, but its sweet memories will abide down to life's eventide. We trust that the foregoing chapters will inspire those who have not yet taken the glorious trip to the Pacific Coast to do so, for indeed no description is adequate to do it justice.

"My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above."

THE END

PERSONNEL "TOUR E"

Conductors: Rev. Appleton Bash, Rev. J. J. Foust

Miss Fannie Abbott.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Gertrude Altaffer.....Pittsburg, Pa.
Rev. J. E. Apply.....Pittsburg, Pa.
Mr. B. Atkinson.....Paterson, N. J.
Mrs. B. Atkinson.....Paterson, N. J.
Miss Helen Atkinson.....Paterson, N. J.
Master Benjamin Atkinson....Paterson, N. J.
Mr. James V. Austin....Astoria, L. I., N. Y.
Mrs. Sarah Austin.....Astoria, L. I., N. Y.
Miss Anna Zelma Baker....Hummelstown, Pa.
Rev. C. H. Baldwin.....
Rev. Appleton Bash.....Sewickley, Pa.
Mrs. J. J. Bogardus.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss E. R. Bragaw.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. A. Louise Brewster.....Rochester, N. Y.
Miss Anna Brewster.....Rochester, N. Y.
Mr. Chas. M. Chamberlin.....Maspeth, L. I.
Mrs. Chas. M. Chamberlin.....Maspeth, L. I.
Miss A. L. Coe.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. J. E. Crisman.....Windber, Pa.
Mrs. A. F. Eckert.....Orange, N. J.
The Misses Eckert.....Orange, N. J.
Mrs. C. A. Ferris.....Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Mary E. Fifield.....Paterson, N. J.
Miss Florence Fifield.....Paterson, N. J.

Mr. G. P. Foulk.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. G. P. Foulk.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rev. John J. Foust.....Astoria, N. Y.
Mr. A. L. Freeman.....Maspeth, L. I.
Mrs. A. L. Freeman.....Maspeth, L. I.
Mr. Frank E. Freeman.....Maspeth, L. I.
Miss Emily R. French.....Beaver, Pa.
Mr. G. Haflinger.....Maspeth, L. I.
Mrs. G. Haflinger.....Maspeth, L. I.
Rev. E. P. Harper.....Jeannette, Pa.
Miss Minnie J. Harper.....Imperial, Pa.
Miss Hartman.....Washington, D. C.
Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Henderson...Carrolton, O.
Miss E. M. Hood.....Pittsburg, Pa.
Miss Emma M. Hood.....Pittsburg, Pa.
Miss Margaret C. Houston....Paterson, N. J.
Miss E. E. Hunt.....Washington, D. C.
Mr. J. Livingston Hunter.....Tidioute, Pa.
Mrs. L. L. Hunter.....Tidioute, Pa.
Miss Lilla May Hunter.....Tidioute, Pa.
Miss Dorothy Hunter.....Tidioute, Pa.
Miss Minnie L. Hursh.....Harrisburg, Pa.
Miss L. M. Hursh.....Harrisburg, Pa.
Mr. Joe Jackson.....Sewickley, Pa.
Rev. S. T. Jackson.....Sewickley, Pa.
Mrs. M. L. Jepson.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. Geo. C. Johnson.....Allegheny, Pa.
Rev. J. M. King.....St. Clairsville, O.
Mrs. C. M. Knight.....Akron, O.
Miss Emma Kroas.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Lizzie Lawrence.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Josie Lawrence.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Susan R. Leach.....Astoria, L. I.
Miss Harriet D. Lindsley....Jersey City, N. J.
Miss Mary A. McCombs.....Pittsburg, Pa.
Miss Martha J. McCombs.....Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. C. C. McFarland.....New York City
Mrs. C. C. McFarland.....New York City
Miss Mary Marshall.....Jersey Shore, Pa.
Rev. J. M. Mason.....East McKeesport, Pa.
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